

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,228, Vol. 47.

May 10, 1879.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH YAKOOB KHAN.

THERE is at last some prospect of an end of the Afghan war. YAKOOB KHAN has been honourably received in the English camp; and any overtures which he may make ought not to be hastily rejected. It will also be necessary to guard against the risk of inflicting humiliation on a ruler who is nevertheless to be recognized. The reigning AMEER will be useless as an ally if he alienates the loyalty of his people by concessions which can reasonably be thought excessive. If the VICEROY finds it possible to treat seriously with YAKOOB KHAN, it may be presumed that he will intrust the negotiation to an agent of high official rank. Major CAVAGNARI is probably trustworthy and able; but he cannot in conformity with precedent be allowed to exercise an independent discretion. Immediately before the war Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN was appointed head of the proposed mission to Cabul; and a civil or military dignitary of similar position would carry greater weight than a subordinate officer. Lord LYTTON, who will probably direct the negotiations from some convenient place of residence, is said, perhaps without sufficient ground, to wish for a march on Cabul; but it may be hoped that he will take the advice of experienced counsellors; and he will be guided by instructions from the Home Government, which is now sincerely desirous of peace. The army has with little opposition long since passed any line which is likely to be selected as a scientific frontier. Further operations, though they may become necessary, will have no definite or material object; and in general it is politically inexpedient to occupy posts which will almost necessarily be evacuated on the conclusion of peace. It is highly probable that the Indian Government may be confronted by difficulties which cannot be appreciated at a distance. In England it has appeared that the chief impediment to peace consisted in the uncertainty, first of the Afghan succession, and afterwards of the disposition of YAKOOB KHAN. There is now a ruler with whom peace can be made, and his arrival at Gundamak proves that he must have made up his mind to some form of submission.

General ROBERTS, who on a former occasion caused some surprise by his announcement of the intentions of the Government, has again assumed a diplomatic or political character by a more comprehensive declaration to certain native chiefs. If the report of his address is accurate, General ROBERTS publicly disclaimed, on behalf of the Government, any intention of permanently occupying Herat, Cabul, Candahar, or Jellalabad. No practical question relating to Herat has yet arisen; but Candahar and Jellalabad are now occupied by the English army, and a march on Cabul is still deemed possible. General ROBERTS is probably quite right in thinking that the opportunity of entering Afghanistan at short notice would be preferable to a permanent occupation of the principal cities; but some authorities insist on the expediency of retaining Candahar; and the advantage or danger of holding Jellalabad is still a subject of controversy. Even a Plenipotentiary is for the most part not inclined to disclose at the beginning of a negotiation the extent of concession which he may be prepared to make. The restoration of conquered territory or the restriction of further military operations may be expedient in themselves; but they are also useful as conditions of a bargain. There is no use in letting YAKOOB KHAN and his chiefs into the secret of the limit which the English

Government may impose upon its demands. It is strange that the policy of the VICEROY should be explained in detail by a general who is not even a commander-in-chief; and it is also remarkable that the chiefs of almost unknown hill tribes should have been admitted to the confidence of the English and Indian Governments, while the Ministers at home were from time to time assuring Parliament that the disclosure of their plans would not be consistent with the interests of the public service. There is always a presumption in favour of official reticence; and only the highest and most responsible functionaries are entitled, at their discretion, occasionally to deviate from the rule of secrecy. YAKOOB KHAN has certainly learned nothing from any public declaration of Lord LYTTON or Lord CRANBROOK; and it might have been convenient that he should believe that the maintenance of an independent Afghan State was still an open question.

If the reigning AMEER had intended to continue the war no probable explanation would account for his visit to the English camp. As he had sufficient time during the intermission of active operations to reckon up his resources and to make all the preparations in his power, he seems to have nothing to gain by delay. Although there is a certain risk in an advance to Cabul, former experience shows that it would be almost certainly successful. If the AMEER found himself unable to defend his capital, he would have the alternative of retreating on Herat, or of retiring, like his grandfather and his father, into the distant Northern provinces. Candahar, which has sometimes served the purpose of a second capital, is now in the possession of the English; and it may be doubted whether a fugitive prince would be cordially welcomed at Herat. A retreat towards Turkestan would involve the temporary abandonment of a sovereignty which the AMEER might perhaps not find vacant on his return. It seems that more is to be got by submission than by prolonged resistance; and even an Asiatic potentate is likely, on the whole, to consult his interests rather than his passions. There is no reason why YAKOOB should feel any personal antipathy to England. The present war has caused his release from prison, and his accession to the throne of Cabul. It is highly probable that he may be more accessible to revenge than to gratitude, but it is not known whether the patriotic sentiment really exists among the Afghans. No discontent is expressed by the people of Candahar and of the neighbouring district in consequence of the occupation of the city. The hill tribes in the different passes give trouble from purely interested motives; and they would be not less turbulent and faithless if they were dealing with an Afghan army which might enter their passes.

There are no means of ascertaining the truth of various reports which have perhaps merely been invented to account for the AMEER's departure from his capital. According to one story, there is a revolt against his authority in Afghan Turkestan, and there is a strange account of an offer of some Northern chiefs to hold the passes of the Hindoo Koosh for the English. ABDURRAHMAN, the most formidable pretender to the throne of Cabul, is still in the Russian service, and perhaps it may be intended at some future time to promote his claims; but there is no reason to suppose that at present the Russians have any purpose of interfering in Afghanistan. The war, whether it was necessary and expedient or impolitic, has at least effected its substantial object of removing for the time the only

Power which could become the rival of England in Afghanistan. YAKOUB KHAN is probably more afraid of the English support which might be accorded to one among his many competitors than of the Russian candidates. It is not certain that he understands the reasons which would deter the English Government from a hasty recognition of any of his rivals. English statesmen are not likely to forget the consequences of the blunder of supporting SHAH SOOJAH forty years ago. It would be not less unwise to encourage any pretender of the present day, as long as there is an AMEER actually reigning at Cabul. The terms of peace which will be offered by the VICEROY may be readily conjectured. A frontier defined exclusively on military considerations will be imposed on the Afghan rulers. In the circumstances there can be little room for negotiation; and the power of keeping Candahar, if it has not been already abandoned, will furnish the means of placing strong pressure on the adversary. In vindication of his own consistency and of that of the Home Government, Lord LYTTON will renew the demand of the admission of English residents at Candahar and Herat, and perhaps at Cabul. It is doubtful whether the privilege will be really valuable, though the concession on the part of the Afghan Government will be an acknowledgment of defeat. If it is not too late, the Indian Government should devote all its energies to the establishment in Afghanistan of a friendly State and dynasty. YAKOUB KHAN may perhaps be persuaded that Russia would be a more dangerous patron than England. A one-sided treaty is probably not attainable; and, if it were formally concluded, it would be worthless. A fair bargain has a tendency to be durable, because the considerations given on either side survive and strengthen the legal obligation. The extreme caution which deterred former Viceroys from giving guarantees to SHEER ALI was one of the causes of the war. An Ameer who is entitled by treaty to the support of the Indian Government will not lightly forfeit the best security of his throne.

THE POLICY OF THE ZOLLVEREIN.

IN the animated debates which are taking place on the financial system of Germany Prince BISMARCK, after dealing with one antagonist after another in his usual sledge-hammer style, always returns to the same text. He is, he says, reverting to the famous policy of the Zollverein. The experience of half a century showed that this invention of Prussian genius was peculiarly suited to Germany. It was an arrangement by Germans for Germans, and adequately met all German wants. The experience of the last few years has, Prince BISMARCK states, equally shown that the system which replaced that of the Zollverein has been a failure. Framed in partial accordance with the principles of Free-trade, it directed the energies of Germany into a wrong channel. It made men look abroad, instead of directing their attention to their home affairs. Prince BISMARCK does not, therefore, rest the defence of his new tariff on the simple ground that more money must be had, and that indirect taxes are those which create least annoyance. Nor does he soar into any general discussion of the rival merits of Free-trade and Protection. He takes his stand on a specially German ground, and appeals to what he considers to be undoubted facts of German history. As he thus makes the famous policy of the Zollverein his one guide in finance, it may be worth while to inquire what this famous policy was, and how far his new financial system is in accordance with it. The Zollverein was started in 1818 with a very humble beginning. Prussia entered into treaties with two of those very small States which escape the notice of all except professed geographers. The Principalities of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen and Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt agreed in the most handsome manner that there should be perfect freedom of commerce between them and Prussia. Such was the modest origin of a League which by degrees extended until it reached from the Rhine to the Vistula, and from the Baltic to Switzerland. Duties were collected at the frontiers, and the proceeds distributed among the members of the League in the ratio of population. When once goods had passed the frontier they could go without payment to any Government from one end of the associated territory to the other. So, too, with one or two unimportant exceptions, could goods pass freely which were produced in one State of the Zollverein, and were to be transmitted to

another State. A reserve was placed on the transmission of articles which were the subject of State monopolies, like salt, and on articles protected by local patents. But otherwise the free interchange of German goods was complete. The Zollverein placed the State that entered into the League very nearly, although not quite, in the position in which the different departments of such a country as France are to each other. Financially speaking, the Germany of the Zollverein was one country. It is impossible to deny that, in respect of the unity of Germany, the present policy of Prince BISMARCK is like the policy of the Zollverein, and that the policy of some at least of his opponents is not. They acknowledge that more money is wanted, but they say that it should be got by each of the contributing States increasing its direct taxes. No such proposal could find favour in any country that was really united; and it is obvious that when the German Parliament is engaged in framing a general tariff, it is contemplating Germany as a whole, and that when it is leaning to increased local contributions, it is contemplating Germany as made up of many distinct parts. The policy of the Zollverein has thus for Germany a special German meaning.

The Zollverein, however, not merely associated States for fiscal purposes, but it had to determine what duties should be levied, and on what principles they should be imposed. This was partly an external question and partly an internal question. Duties were to be imposed on goods coming from abroad, and tolls were to be levied on goods passing from one State to another. The States kept up their own roads, and those who passed along the roads had to pay for using them. It was part of the policy of the Zollverein to regulate these tolls so as to subject the freighter to as small a burden as possible. It was expressly laid down that no tolls should be levied in excess of what was actually necessary to keep the roads in repair, and that there might be a standard of what was necessary for the purpose, it was agreed that the rate of expenditure on the roads of Prussia should be taken as the proper rate throughout the League. Roads have been superseded by railways, and the freighter has now to think of railway tariffs, and not of turnpikes. That the State should control the tariffs in the interest of the freighter, and that Prussia should lead the way in the process, is a part of the policy of Prince BISMARCK, and is certainly in complete harmony with the policy of the Zollverein. He considered that the most effectual mode of attaining his object would be to get the railways into the hands of the State, and he began with an attempt to try the experiment on the railways of Prussia. As he finds the time is not come for so large an enterprise, he now wages war against the existing railway tariffs, on the ground that they are too favourable to the exporter and the importer, and too adverse to the producer, who wishes to send goods from one part of Germany to another. This, he says, is not the proper German way of managing things. It is not in harmony with the policy of the Zollverein. The tolls were kept down to the standard of the Prussian expenditure on unavoidable repairs, not that foreign goods might be moved cheaply along the roads, but that the producer in one State of the League might find himself at home in every other State. In the same way and on the same grounds he objects to financial legislation bearing with special hardship on any one class of Germans. He has informed the Parliament that one result of his prolonged inquiries into the incidence of taxation has been that the peasants pay a tax which does not fall upon their neighbours. Because a man is a peasant he has to pay a peculiar kind of building-tax. The accuracy of Prince BISMARCK's statistics about taxation is so freely controverted in the German Parliament, that this statement about the peasants' building-tax cannot be accepted as indisputable until it has been subjected to criticism. But, if the tax is what Prince BISMARCK states it to be, it is equally open to him to say that it is inequitable, and to say that it is a departure from the principles of the Zollverein. It was one of the chief of these principles that all Germans as between each other should in the territories of the League have a free start; and the proposition that peasants should not be handicapped cannot be fairly treated as a mere election appeal to the most ignorant class of voters.

So far it must be admitted that Prince BISMARCK is not only reverting to the principles of the Zollverein, but from the point of view of German unity he is right in doing so, and that there are no economical objections

to his proposals. We in England should never think of paying for the Zulu war by increasing the county rates of Devonshire or Norfolk. We should not allow a day labourer to be handicapped by a building-tax; and we keep a most expensive Railway Commission, which is fortunate enough to enjoy a holiday for months together, but which is always ready to emerge for the purpose of making rates equal as between the large wholesale and the humble local freighter. But when we come to the duties imposed on the frontier it is different. The question of Free-trade or Protection is necessarily raised. Here, in reverting to the policy of the Zollverein, Prince BISMARCK is reverting to a policy that we think antiquated. The basis of the policy of the Zollverein in regard to frontier duties was very simple. It was merely this—that the less the skill involved in the manufacture the heavier should be the duty. Thus a duty of ninety per cent. was imposed on coarse shirting, and a duty of under nine per cent. was imposed on fine printed cottons. The lower the German operator was in the scale the more he was protected. This is in total opposition to the principles of Free-trade, which assume that necessities are to be kept as cheap as possible, while articles of luxury are to be taxed, if necessary, up to the point at which the revenue begins to suffer by the diminution of consumption. But here again it is quite true that Prince BISMARCK, rightly or wrongly—and, as we think, very wrongly—is reverting to the policy of the Zollverein. He wants to put duties on such articles as iron bars, corn, and cattle. These are the ordinary productions of unskilled operators, and stand on a level with the coarse shirtings of the Zollverein. The objections made to Prince BISMARCK's proposals only show how completely he is working within the lines of the Zollverein. One set of manufacturers has, for example, explained to him that it is their business to get half-finished ironwork from abroad, finish it in their own style and export it, and that his tariffs will kill a trade which by the exercise of much trouble and skill they have made lucrative. In his replies to persons of this kind Prince BISMARCK takes the bull by the horns. He boldly says that he does not trouble himself about exports. Nobody in either Schwarzburg thought of finishing off ironwork, and he is content to tread in the paths which were thought good enough by the inhabitants of those enlightened Principalities. He is deaf to all arguments based on the commercial success of England, because he thinks England has aims which he does not wish Germany to have. England is the great exporting country, and he does not care to deny that cheap and large imports are the secret of cheap and large exports. But as he does not want to have cheap and large exports, he can dispense with cheap and large imports. It is unnecessary to go over the wide and familiar ground which spreads before us when we ask whether Prince BISMARCK's ideal in finance is wise; but it is something to know what this ideal is. It is that of a non-exporting Germany, specially protecting the humbler operatives, with no class legislation, with a system of very cheap local communication, and with a scheme of taxation designed to remind Germans of Germany as a whole.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

THERE is no difference of opinion in Parliament or in the country as to the expediency of making peace with the Zulus on reasonable terms at the earliest opportunity. The leaders of the Opposition in both Houses expressed some time since an apprehension that the restrictions imposed on the discretion of the HIGH COMMISSIONER might possibly prevent or delay the attainment of the desired object. When the COLONIAL SECRETARY required Sir BARTLE FREERE to forward to him the terms of peace before a treaty was concluded, he shared with the House of Commons the apprehension that Sir BARTLE FREERE might perhaps act too independently of the Government. In pursuance of a definite policy of his own, he had neglected the spirit of his instructions in making war; but there was little reason to fear excessive precipitancy in concluding peace. It cannot be said that the prospect has lately become more hopeful. Before the invasion of his country CETEWAYO might possibly have consented to a partial or total disbandment of his army, in reliance on the difficulty of enforcing any obligations

which he might incur. He has now proved the extraordinary efficiency of his military system, and he has also learned to form but a moderate estimate of the unknown resources of the English Government. It unfortunately seems almost necessary to destroy his power before he can be trusted to remain a peaceable neighbour. Among other unexpected results, the two months' campaign has relieved Sir BARTLE FREERE from the charge of having, for his own purposes, exaggerated the dangers which he undertook to avert. It is now certain that Natal was exposed to the risk of a formidable invasion from the time when CETEWAYO's former allies and protectors suddenly assumed the character of rulers and representatives of the Transvaal. Whether it was prudent to anticipate the collision is a question which admits of only a conjectural answer.

If the occasion of the war was selected by Sir BARTLE FREERE, its causes are to be found in earlier transactions. A powerful writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who is known to be familiar with South African politics, condemns nearly every measure which has been adopted by successive Secretaries for the Colonies during many years. He dissents with some hesitation from Lord CARNARVON's policy in annexing the Transvaal; but he attributes to his predecessors the chief responsibility for the embarrassments which seem for the present inextricable. The greatest of all mistakes which have been committed was, in the judgment of the Reviewer, the bestowal of responsible government or virtual independence on the Cape Colony. In Canada and Australia the concession was inevitable, and probably it was, on the whole, expedient; but in neither country is there a conflict of races, or a position which the Imperial Government must at all hazards permanently retain. It would be an act of cowardice and folly to leave to any other Power the occupation of the military and naval stations at and near the Cape. Even if the fortresses and roadsteads fell into the possession of Holland, they would be useless for the resort of the English navy and for the protection of English commerce; and it is possible that hereafter the dominions of Holland might pass under the control of a more formidable Power. The Suez Canal has scarcely diminished the importance of the Cape, as sailing vessels still use the old route to the East. If the Canal were closed by hostile force in time of war, the use of a harbour and coaling station, with the necessary defences, at the Cape of Good Hope would be absolutely indispensable. Already since the concession of practical independence to the colony the local Government interferes with the accommodation provided for English men-of-war. Another objection to the institution of responsible government is founded on the mixed character of the population. The English and Dutch still regard one another as aliens; and both are wholly separated from the natives. The Constitutional Act provided for a suffrage to be equally enjoyed by all races, but it might have been foreseen that all political power would be exercised by the whites. European settlers will not and cannot allow inferior races to share in the government, and consequently the natives have not, as in the days of administration by the Crown, any impartial authority to protect their interests. The white population of the Cape numbers only a quarter of a million, while the Caffres within the colony are four times as numerous, and are rapidly increasing. Repeated experience has shown that representative government is suited only to a homogeneous population.

The next proceeding which the *Quarterly Reviewer* denounces is the annexation of the diamond fields. As he justly says, the new trade would have been equally profitable to the colonists if the territory had not been taken from the owners. In 1854 the independence of the Dutch Republics had been recognized, and there was no doubt that the diamond mines were included in the territory of the Orange River Free State. According to the Reviewer, Lord KIMBERLEY set up an illusory native title to the diamond fields, with the result of forming the district soon after into a new Crown colony. The Government of the Cape, while it assented to the seizure by the Imperial Government, declined to take any responsibility for the annexation. It refused to assist in maintaining order in the diggings, and the English Governor of the new colony attempted to secure himself against the hostility of the Boers by forming alliances with native tribes. Large bodies of natives from Zululand and other places were induced to work for limited periods in the diamond fields.

and their services were uniformly paid for in the shape of guns and ammunition. The Cape Government also, for the sake of a customs duty, encouraged to the utmost of its power the importation of arms which were destined for the native market. It was in an attempt to take away guns received in payment for labour that the Natal Government came into collision with LANGALIBALELE, whose grievances were afterwards acknowledged and redressed. Several of the tribes which had acquired arms were at feud with the authorities of the Transvaal at the time when Lord CARNARVON succeeded Lord KIMBERLEY at the Colonial Office. With the Government of Natal they were for the most part friendly. Lord CARNARVON, attaching perhaps too much weight to the precedent of Canada, hoped to secure the Colonies and the Free States against native hostility by a federation for which, as afterwards appeared, none of the proposed members of the league were prepared. The Government of the Transvaal incurred reverses in a border war with SECOCOENT, and it now appears that there must have been imminent risk of a more dangerous conflict with CETEWATO. The forcible annexation of the Transvaal was prompted in a certain degree by friendly motives; but it has left behind feelings of deep resentment. The storm of war has been diverted from the Transvaal to Natal, and the inhabitants of the former Republic, instead of rendering assistance against their ancient enemy, take the opportunity to demand the restoration of their independence. The reports of Sir BARTLE FREERE's interviews at Pretoria with the malcontent leaders are in the highest degree unsatisfactory. It is scarcely possible that the Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal should effect an armed diversion in favour of the Zulus, but they make no secret of their intention to profit by the embarrassments of the English Government.

The writer in the *Quarterly* feels no regret for the failure of Lord CARNARVON's scheme of federation. He points out the danger which might have arisen from the establishment of a majority of Dutchmen in a federal colony or State. The advantage which would have been derived by the white population from the adoption of a uniform policy in dealing with the natives might perhaps not have been shared by the Imperial Government. It is much easier to enumerate the errors which have been committed than to devise a remedy. The simple restoration of the Transvaal to its former rulers would be a painful confession of failure, and yet it may hereafter deserve consideration. For the moment nothing can be done except, if possible, to inflict a crushing defeat on the Zulus. According to the latest reports, the colonists are generally favourable to Sir BARTLE FREERE's policy, though they contribute nothing to the execution of his plans. In a short time it will be known whether the Eastern or English party will have obtained a majority in an election which is now proceeding. If Mr. MOLTENO should return to power, everything will be done by the Government of the Cape to thwart the HIGH COMMISSIONER in the conduct of the war. It may perhaps sooner or later become necessary to remind the colonists that a community equal in number to the population of a London parish cannot be allowed permanently to regulate the policy of the English Government in dealing with a territory large enough for an Empire. Although the writer in the *Quarterly* expresses no feeling in favour of the present Government, he may perhaps render them a service by placing their opponents on their defence.

MR. BUTT.

THE death of Mr. BUTT not only deprives the House of a gifted and popular member, and the Irish party of its one acknowledged star, but also closes a chapter of Irish history. Mr. BUTT never fulfilled the promise of his early days, and cannot be said to have made anything like a real mark in Parliament; but he at least redeemed those with whom he acted from the stigma of insignificance. There have been abundance of promising young Irishmen in the last half-century, but very few whose early promise was so striking and incontestable as Mr. BUTT's. The son of a clergyman of the Established Church, and of mixed English and Irish descent, he obtained a reputation for scholarship at the University of Dublin, and was made the first Professor of Political Economy on the foundation of Archbishop WHATELY. His rise at the Bar was singularly rapid, and at six years from the date of

his call he received a silk gown. Nor was he only known early as a professor and a lawyer. He threw the fervid energy of his nature into the sinking cause of Irish Conservatism; and, having become a member of the Dublin Corporation, opposed O'CONNELL himself when moving to petition for Repeal with so much vivacity, courage, and power of argument as to call forth the admiration of the great agitator. O'CONNELL, it is said, was shrewd or lucky enough to prophesy that his young opponent would before long espouse the popular cause. But the prophecy, if ever made, had to wait long for its fulfilment. Although Mr. BUTT entered Parliament in 1852, he contributed nothing to the success of the popular or any other cause. It may, in fact, be said that for nearly a quarter of a century there was a blank in his life. From various causes, he was not fit to do any real work, and he was close on sixty years of age when he was elected for Limerick in 1871, and appeared as the leader, and to some extent the inventor, of the Home Rulers. The elections of 1874 gave him the importance of a large following, and at first he was really the leader of his party, and was allowed to conduct its business in his own way. His Parliamentary efforts were always of a strictly Parliamentary character, and such sympathy as the views of Home Rulers can win by a studied moderation in stating them was fully secured by Mr. BUTT. Probably he never hoped, whatever he might say and however he might put it, to convince the present House of Commons. But he also failed to present any intelligible and plausible issue to the consideration of the English public; and the latter years of his life were clouded by the revolt in the ranks of his own party. The obstructives would obstruct, and he could only protest and regret. He was always asking or threatening to resign; but his followers could neither live with him nor without him, and he went on month after month resigning and yet not resigning, leading and yet not leading. It was a most unenviable situation, and he naturally fretted under it. The feebleness of failing health was added to the pressure of increasing disappointments, and his career was virtually ended some time before death brought it to an acknowledged close.

Mr. BUTT never ceased to be a Conservative in his own fashion, and he voted with the Government in the divisions on their Eastern policy. He did not affect to have any of the ordinary hatred of the Saxon, which could have scarcely been congenial to the son of an Englishman and a clergyman. Far from sympathizing with the rabid Irishmen who publicly wish success to the Zulus, he always proclaimed the most ardent desire to see the fame and power of England upheld. He had somehow convinced himself that England would be nobler and stronger if the aims of Home Rulers were attained. But, although in this sense he was a true Englishman, he was permeated with the spirit of Irish nationality. One of the most remarkable features in the remarkable history of Ireland is that the very Irish of the Irish have been men who might have been expected to have viewed what is, strictly speaking, the Irish nation with the aversion, the contempt, or the fear of aliens. Fierce Protestants have fought against Protestant ascendancy, and the Saxon has swollen the lists or headed the array of those who inveighed against Saxon oppression. Ireland, whatever may have been her faults, has at least excited enthusiasm on her behalf in many noble minds. If it is true that the relations of England and Ireland have been those of conquerors and conquered, this is only true generally, for the conquered have always been wooing and winning the conquerors. Mr. BUTT was the last and not the least of these enthusiasts. It is indeed the chapter of Irish enthusiasm that closes with his death. Of him it may be said that the mantle of GRATTAN in some pared and modernized shape had descended on him. It is not probable that this mantle in any shape will appear on other shoulders. Home Rulers remain, but they are of a very different type from the old enthusiasts for Irish nationality. They are only one party in Parliament, with the strange characteristic that their party is like a globule of quicksilver, always dividing into separate globules, again uniting, and again dividing. Their more aggressive members take up obstruction now and then for the fun of the thing, and rush into the lobbies as they would ride to hounds. Fortunately, it would seem that just now it is not considered to be the proper hunting season. Their quieter and more sensible members, like Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. MC CARTHY, discuss Home Rule just as other persons

discuss such a subject as Municipal Government for the whole of London. It is a point which people may think about or leave alone; and all that they wish to suggest is that those who interest themselves in the subject have something to say which is not discreditable either to their intellect or their character.

Within a day or two after Mr. BUTT's death, the Government assented to a measure providing for the establishment of a Volunteer force in Ireland. This was to cast a funeral wreath, not only on Mr. BUTT's grave, but on the grave of Home Rule. Ireland, it is announced, can be trusted to raise and maintain Volunteers, because there is no longer such a thing as Irish disaffection. The Irish nation has persuaded itself to see that it is prospering under the existing state of things. For some time, indeed, it has been obvious that the flickering candle of Home Rule has been dying in its socket. The energies of those who still call themselves Home Rulers has been turned in a new direction. They no longer ask to be separated from England; but demand that, in all things, Ireland shall be put on a par with England. What they urge is that things thought good for England ought to be thought good for Ireland. They want a borough franchise, municipalities, volunteers, just like the English. They go further, and plead that, although they are the same as Englishmen, they are different. They want some of their special fancies gratified. They have different views about land and about denominational education from those which at present prevail in England, and they ask Parliament to facilitate the extension of peasant holdings and to endow a Catholic University. Ireland is alternately put forward as a peculiar country, and as a country that has nothing peculiar about it. But if the Irish members are so far inconsistent, they are consistent in asking that Parliament shall decide how far Ireland is to be regarded as being like England, and how far unlike. The upshot will probably be that, after much discussion and many delays, Parliament will accept the task assigned it. In many respects the political system prevailing in Ireland will be more closely assimilated to that prevailing in England. In other respects new differences will be tolerated. But the work of assimilation will probably precede that of differentiation. When the English people have got accustomed to the thought that a body of Cork Volunteers is, for all practical purposes, like a body of Devonshire or Ayrshire Volunteers, they will not be very jealous or alarmed if the operation of the BRIGHT clauses is extended, or if professors paid by the State transfer the epithet of "bloody" from MARY to ELIZABETH. Perhaps it may have been necessary that, before the Irish could fairly start on their new career, they should have taken and surmounted the fever of Home Rule. And it may make the period of transition more pleasant to them that they can look back on Mr. BUTT as on one Home Ruler of whom they can be reasonably proud.

THE LEFT CENTRE AND M. FERRY'S BILL.

THE Left Centre in France might profitably study the history of the English Ecclesiastical Titles Act. When that irritating—though, as it turned out, innocent—measure was introduced, the unanimity of public opinion in its favour was almost complete. The Government and the country were agreed in thinking that something must be done to check the Papal pretensions in England. The opposition which the Peelites offered to the Bill seemed little short of political suicide. For an isolated group of politicians to place themselves against the whole current of national feeling, and to take the side of Papists against Protestants, was to set the gratification of a crotchet above the teaching of common sense and common prudence. Before three years were over the nation had come to feel ashamed of the panic into which it had been betrayed, and the leaders to whom it naturally turned with most respect were the men who had remained sane when every one around them went mad. The opponents of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill became members of a Government which, but for the Crimean war, would have been one of remarkable strength. The Left Centre has now a very much easier part to play than the Peelites had in 1857. The Education Bill has been introduced rather in the hope of exciting enthusiasm than

with the view of gratifying an enthusiasm already in being. If a majority of the nation is in favour of it, a very strong minority is violently opposed to it. It has not the excuse of any new pretensions on the part of the clergy; on the contrary, it proposes to disturb a settlement nearly thirty years old, and one against which nothing can be urged, except that it has worked too well. It needs but a very small sacrifice to oppose such a measure as this. Only the least possible exercise of faith is wanted to induce the Left Centre to resist its passing. The reward of their boldness is almost within sight.

It would be premature, of course, to say that the Left Centre will not take the course which the most rudimentary political insight would suggest to them. The Bill has not yet been debated in the Chamber of Deputies; and, in the interval which still separates them from the end of the recess, they may pluck up courage to vote against it. As yet, however, the probabilities of their doing so seem few. When Englishmen want to know what the Left Centre are going to do, they ordinarily look for information to the *Journal des Débats*. Now the *Journal des Débats* not only supports the Bill, but supports it with all the zeal of a new convert. When M. FERRY laid it on the table, the *Journal des Débats* was still blind to its merits. It could think of nothing but the confusion it would create in the country and the injury to the Republic which would arise from its identification with Radical fanaticism. In four-and-twenty hours the *Journal des Débats* had seen the error of its ways. The mountains in the way of M. FERRY's triumph had become molehills, and the importance of reducing the Church to its proper insignificance had become paramount. If there is a writer on the *Journal des Débats* who represents to Englishmen the traditions of the Left Centre, it is M. JOHN LEMOINNE. He is the embodiment of that sceptical and amused moderation which is never better pleased than when picking to pieces a popular fallacy. But M. LEMOINNE is as ardent in supporting the Bill as if he were a Radical living in hourly dread of the revival of the Inquisition. Still the journalist is not quite lost in the unaccustomed character of the popular politician, and though M. LEMOINNE takes the commonplace view he tries to defend it by an original argument. M. LEMOINNE is of opinion that M. FERRY's "rough and "courageous" measure will receive the approbation of all true friends of liberty. So far he is at one with the Radical supporters of the Bill. But unlike them he justifies his opinion by an appeal, not to the present or the future, but to the past. He has apparently no fears of what the clergy may do hereafter, and no uneasiness as to anything that they are doing at this moment. All he cares for is that they should be punished for what they have done already. Never in history, he says, has there been anything so shameful as the conduct of the Church after the passing of that law of 1850 which M. FERRY seeks to repeal. This condemnation naturally suggests that M. LEMOINNE is going to reveal some tremendous educational abuse, and to show that as soon as the Church had got permission to teach, she at once abused it by either teaching nothing or teaching ill. Instead of a charge which should be pertinent to the subject-matter of M. FERRY's Bill, we are introduced to our old friend, the Man of December. Her complicity with the *coup d'état* has burdened the Church with an inextinguishable crime. In making a bargain with NAPOLEON III. she degraded herself to the level of the buyers and sellers who were driven from the Temple. She committed the crime of Simony, and she committed it with her eyes open. If M. LEMOINNE had written this in verse, he might have been a worthy rival of M. VICTOR HUGO in some of his latest efforts. But it does not become political writing by retaining the form of prose, and being inserted in a leading article. It matters little whether a politician forgives; but it is of the first importance that he should know how to forget. If the relations between Church and State in education are to be determined by reference to the past sins of either, there is very little chance of their living together in peace. It would have been just as much to the purpose if M. LEMOINNE had defended M. FERRY's bill by a reference to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He would hardly maintain that the clergy are right in endeavouring to overthrow the present Republic because they were persecuted in 1793; but, when they do so, they show themselves no more illogical than M. JOHN LEMOINNE when he makes a political crime com-

mitted by the clergy in 1851 a reason for treating them as implacable enemies in 1879.

If an argument was wanted to show how unnecessary is M. FERRY'S Bill, the incident of the Archbishop of Aix's Pastoral would supply one. The French law is in no way destitute of means for restraining ecclesiastical violence. The State is not that helpless virgin in the jaws of the clerical dragon that it pleases the French Liberals to make out. When the Archbishop of Aix issues a pastoral which is thought to offend against the law forbidding the introduction of politics into the pulpit, the Council of State is at once set in motion, and there seems every probability that the decision will be adverse to the ARCHBISHOP. But the hatred of a section of French Republicans against the Church is of that severely practical type which, while professing to aim only at self-defence, is of opinion that nothing but the extermination of the adversary will be of any avail. It would be idle, of course, to reason with a feeling of this kind. Fanaticism and madness are alike in their superiority to argument. But if M. FERRY'S Bill is to pass it must have the support of many who are not fanatics, and of them it may be worth while to inquire how the Government of the Republic is to be carried on upon the principles which the legislature is now asked to make its own? The Church has not been too friendly to the Republic hitherto, and the exclusion of the religious orders from teaching, combined with the virtual confiscation of the money which has been contributed to found the Free Universities, will convert it into an irreconcilable enemy. In that character it will do the Republic all the harm it can, and the result will soon be seen in a demand on the part of the Left for further measures of repression. A few years hence the Left Centre may be advocating a Bill for suppressing the salaries of the clergy on precisely the same grounds as those on which it now defends M. FERRY'S Bill. Considering that the two parties—Catholics and anti-Catholics—roughly divide the French people between them, it seems scarcely prudent in a moderate Liberal to help to make it impossible for these two halves of the nation to exist side by side. M. BLANQUI and M. VEUILLOT would be agreed in desiring the extermination of one half by the other; but we fail to see how it can serve the purpose of M. JOHN LEMOINNE to help on the process.

THE LORDS AND THE WIFE'S SISTER.

THE Parliament of 1874 marks a new epoch in the agitation for licensing marriage with one class of sisters-in-law by riveting the existing prohibition of that alliance with the other class. In the seven Parliaments which have sat between the rejection of the earliest Bill when moved by Lord FRANCIS EGERTON in 1842 and the last general election, the project won the favour of four Houses of Commons and was rejected by three; while its monotonous record in the House of Lords has been that of one withdrawal and six rejections, spread over five of these Parliaments. At last, in the eighth and sitting Parliament, it has achieved the crowning misfortune of having been rejected, and with substantial majorities, by both Houses on the first division taken upon it in either branch of the Legislature. It has now not only been defeated, but it has been detected and exposed; and the public has at last learned that, besides all the social evils attending an unsettlement of our marriage system, and irrespectively of the religious objections which make it most distasteful to a very large and respectable portion of the community, the change as proposed by its organized agitators rests on a basis of inconsistent and illogical selfishness. It either is, or it is not, for the advantage of society that the surviving partner of a marriage should be allowed to contract a second marriage with a person whose relationship to the deceased partner lies within the limit of the now prohibited degrees. The arguments for and against the change appeal to absolutely opposite principles, and mutually exclude each other; one view must be right and the other wrong; and for the present we may assume that it is uncertain which is which. From this very obvious truism follows, like the proof of a problem in Euclid, the consideration that a change must be palpably unjust and wrong which adopts a quarter of the laxer system and at the same time refuses to relax the remaining three-quarters of the stricter one by licensing one of two corresponding degrees of

affinity, while it maintains the prohibition alike in respect of the degree which corresponds in the opposite sex to the favoured one as well as of all the other degrees, some of them more distant, of which the prohibition rests upon the same principle of affinity. Emancipating the wife's sister must make the continued refusal of the brother's widow, and of the husband's nephew, and of the wife's niece, an act of selfish and capricious tyranny; while the maintenance of the last-named refusals would demonstrate that the concession of the wife's sister was an indulgence only granted to the urgency of interested applicants, and in defiance of the general laws by which the country has judged it right and expedient to regulate the question. In fact, Lord HOUGHTON and the RECORDER are bound, before they reappear with their Bill, to settle accounts with that too logical ally of theirs to whom the Bishop of LONDON referred as having married his son's widow on the allegation that the grandfather could best be trusted to be a kind parent to his grandchildren. If they carry their point by persuading Parliament that affinity does not create a bar, then the triumph of the artificial agitation so long maintained by those whose preferences lie in another direction would leave him a much-wronged man; while he would have the right to arraign Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS and Lord HOUGHTON as the fuglemen of a clique which parades itself before the world in the masquerade of social reformers, when it is, in fact, for transparently selfish ends, struggling to substitute an arbitrary and unjust *privilegium* for the consistent law which has hitherto, with almost universal assent, regulated the connubial relations of the country. The Bishop of LONDON and Lord CRANBROOK had an easy victory in driving home the argument that what held good for one degree of affinity must be equally true for all; but they might have considerably strengthened their case if they had referred to the notorious fact that not only is the distinction between wife's sister and brother's widow purely insular, but that, in no country of Europe in which the laws regulating marriage of affinity let in the sister-in-law, do the prohibitions attaching to consanguinity correspond with our own. In all of them, either as the rule or as the exception, by dispensation or without it, the uncle can marry his niece and the nephew his aunt. Philanthropists and philosophers to whom human nature is a sealed book will, we suppose, pity or despise us for seeing any connexion between the two facts. We are content to call attention to them, and we trust to that common sense of Englishmen which generally asserts itself when it has time at its disposal for drawing its conclusions.

It is, as we have seen, thirty-seven years since the question was first brought before an unprepared Parliament by a powerful and respected advocate, and we are now able to judge of the progress which has been made by what, if it had been a real grievance, must in the interval have widely stirred deep passions, instead of retaining the character of a mechanical agitation worked by an anonymous Society, and alimented by a few wire-pullers whose identity and motives are the uncontradicted gossip of all who interest themselves in the question. The latest device of the clique is perhaps the most conspicuously unreal of all its contrivances. All through the long campaign these gentlemen have exhibited a refreshingly confident faith in the power of petitions. The authority with which they were accustomed to menace Parliament was that of the mature wisdom of provincial corporations. To be sure, as the grievance was that of the poor man in the crowded alley, there was a colourable congruity in the philanthropic care for his welfare then, as on all other occasions, manifested by those whose energies were consumed in the zealous safeguarding of his municipal interests. But somehow corporate seals failed to convince Parliament; so, as we have just seen, the farmers of England have been summoned to the rescue. No one will suspect us of despising the agricultural interest, when speaking upon agriculture; but a farmer busy on the reform of law and morals appears to us to be no more infallible in virtue of his profession than a lawyer or a clergyman would be when heading an *émeute* against the principles of subsoil draining. These hosts of farmers, strong on paper about the woes of damsels whose care for their orphan nephews and nieces is not allowed to take the shape of cheering them with the gleesome company of fresh brothers and sisters, compel us to reflect on the normal education, the conventional habits of life, the necessary avocations, and the habitual

recreations of the farmer class. All of them are in their way respectable, but they all combine in making a corporate public feeling which is eminently vague and untrustworthy on a question involving mixed social, moral, political, and religious considerations quite alien to the bucolic sphere of thought, as they are far wider than the petty circle of the parish and the market town. Lord HOUGHTON'S courage supports him on many occasions when other men would keep silence; but we cannot imagine that even he would contend that the labourers of England or the labourers' daughters would accept the farmers for whom they work as the authorities to whom deference was due in their connubial arrangements. The ruse would hardly have deserved notice had it not given occasion for an unusual appearance of the Heir-Apparent in his present position of member of Parliament. The PRINCE OF WALES, having a voice and vote in Parliament, is within his strict rights when he exercises both; but, as privilege involves responsibility, in exercising them he challenges the same public criticism as any other legislator. This consideration gives the measure of the wisdom of those who might have placed the Norfolk petition in any other hands, but who preferred to invite one in the Heir-Apparent's exceptional position to assert his almost dormant privilege on behalf of a suggestion of change in the most delicate and important of all social relations, in a direction which, as they must themselves confess, has proved to be both painful and alarming to a numerous and wide-spread proportion of those who represent that moral and religious feeling which is the surest guarantee for the stability of our own as of all commonwealths.

SMALL IRISH FREEHOLDS.

IN the debate on the BRIGHT clauses of the Irish Land Act the House of Commons was unusually unanimous. Even Mr. LOWTHER, who has consistently expressed his dissent from the policy of the Land Act, agreed in the conclusion that its provisions should be fairly tried. Mr. BRIGHT may perhaps have supposed that his clauses would work themselves. Tenants purchasing the freehold of their holdings were to be aided to a certain extent, and on defined conditions, with public money, to be afterwards repaid by instalments. If the result could have been attained by independent means, there would have been little difference of opinion as to the expediency of increasing the number of small owners. The subdivision of land with the consent of the vendor was, in principle, the least objectionable part of the Act. Questions of tenant-right, eviction, and compensation were much more complicated than simple purchase. As the land is already subdivided into petty farms, the acquisition of the fee simple by the cultivator would not affect the character of agricultural operations. Under the impulse of ownership the small farmer would work harder, and possibly he might in some instances improve the land. It is perhaps not necessary to provide against a consequence which will undoubtedly ensue after one or two generations. The system of peasant ownership succeeds in France because the population is not allowed to increase. A less thrifty and more prolific race will probably not alter its habits merely because the tenure of land is altered. The purchaser of a little farm on which his family can subsist in moderate comfort will provide after his death for all his children, either by giving them shares of his property or by creating charges on the land which may nominally belong to the eldest son. Either the land will be split up into indefinitely small portions, or it will be constantly subjected to fresh incumbrances; while a landless population will be compelled to seek other means of subsistence. It is doubtful whether the experiment will succeed; but Mr. BRIGHT and the House of Commons are justified in giving it a fair trial. It would appear from the statements of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and other speakers that the attempt to multiply freeholds has hitherto been made only on a small scale. Under the BRIGHT clauses six hundred tenants have become freeholders, while four times the number have taken advantage of the similar provisions applying to lands of the disestablished Church.

It is said that all the persons and public bodies who ought to co-operate in the multiplication of freeholds have thrown every obstacle in the way of purchases by occupying tenants. The Encumbered Estates Court is more especially accused of raising technical impediments to small purchases of the lands under its control. There is in truth a

serious difficulty in making arrangements in the interest of the tenant, if they are not to clash with the rights of the owner. The Estates Court is bound to obtain the best price for the lands sold under its authority, and it is rightly altogether indifferent to the motives and circumstances of the purchaser. If the tenants of three-fourths of an estate in the market are willing to buy, they cannot attain their wishes in the numerous instances in which the residue would be deteriorated in value by severance from the rest of the property. In some cases there are also difficulties relating to title, whereas the Irish Church was the undoubted owner of the property which it has lost. It is proposed to establish a public department with the function of buying estates as a whole and re-selling them in fractions. According to a probable statement of some speakers in the debate, there are already Boards and public officers in Ireland with ample leisure for the discharge of additional duties. Any additional expense ought to be charged on the land to be sold; as there is no reason for establishing freeholds in Ireland or England at the cost of the taxpayer. The Board would buy land in the Encumbered Estates Court, or in the open market, and resell it at a price covering the purchase-money and the expenses to the occupier. The apprehension of discontent to be caused by the temporary substitution of the Government for the landlord is probably unfounded. The State will not be a landlord, but a mortgagee; and its demands will excite the less resentment because it will be known that they cannot be evaded. It will be impossible for an indignant borrower, converted by legislative indulgence into a freeholder, to shoot the Government from behind a hedge. Even a Home Rule Government would scarcely remit to a debtor advances made at his own request for an object to which he attaches vital importance.

The provision of funds to be lent to purchasing occupiers presents no insuperable difficulty. Although it is generally thought that the State has gone far enough in raising money for loans to local bodies, the real or ostensible popularity of Mr. BRIGHT'S scheme would perhaps entitle it to exceptional favour. Mr. GLADSTONE threw out a suggestion by which the necessity of advances from the Treasury could be avoided. Ireland is happy in the possession of a large sum of money which is still waiting for employment. Conflicting factions, concurring for the moment in the spoliation of the Irish Church, were unable to agree on the distribution of the spoils. Perhaps three-fourths of the whole educated community, including statesmen of all persuasions, would have gladly divided the endowment among the clergy of different persuasions; but the English Dissenters had made it a condition of their alliance with the Irish Roman Catholic bishops and priests that no part of the Church funds should be appropriated to purposes of religious endowment. Eventually it was determined that the settlement should be postponed for the consideration of a future Parliament when the surplus had been realized. The House of Commons might by that time, it was hoped, have become wiser or more ingenious; and in any case the coalition was saved for the time from the inconvenient disclosure of internal differences. Last year the Government began, with general approval, to encroach on a fund which had seemed to be condemned to permanent intility. The Irish Education Act of 1878 applies a considerable amount of the Church fund to the promotion of secondary education. Even the priests could scarcely object to a distribution of money by which their schools would largely benefit; and the English Nonconformists abstained from raising a clamour against a measure which might have been said to involve concurrent endowment. Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme of lending a part of the money to occupiers purchasing their lands is as remote as possible from the former destination of the Church fund. On the other hand, it would not be a diminution of the total amount, but an investment of money which would from time to time be replaced. It is well that the money should serve almost any useful purpose.

Thus far it has not been proposed by the supporters of peasant ownership to compel a proprietor to sell his estate. It is only when land is in any case about to be transferred that the BRIGHT clauses come into operation. It is difficult to understand why any vendor, if he can obtain the full price, with punctual payment, should inquire whether his land has been sold in large or small lots. To strangers it is surprising that any one should

care to remain an Irish landlord if he has any chance of obtaining a reasonable price for his estate. His tenants have become almost independent of his influence; and he can neither consolidate farms nor make additions to his own demesne. If tenant-farmers can afford to pay for their holdings they are likely to have ample opportunities of purchase. When the Encumbered Estates Court was established thirty years ago, small freeholds had not come into fashion, and it was thought that the substitution of thrifty capitalists for the lax race of old-fashioned landlords would tend greatly to the prosperity of Ireland. Vast extents of land have changed hands under the provisions of the Act, and there has been much subdivision; but the result has not corresponded with the expectations of the Legislature. Much land has been bought by large or small traders in the towns exclusively for purposes of investment, and it is found by experience that the new landlord is more exacting than his predecessor. Purchasers of small properties, not being themselves farmers, have no intention of residing, and they only wish to obtain the largest possible interest on their purchase-money. Modern philanthropists habitually denounce the virtuous middle class by which, according to their predecessors in the last generation, Ireland was to have been gradually regenerated. It is not improbable that, if the occupiers drive the townsmen out of the market, the small and grasping landlord may reappear in the character of a money-lender. In France the land is heavily mortgaged, and Irish freeholders are not likely to be more prudent or more fortunate. It will be for future legislation to correct any error which may disclose itself. For the present it is only necessary to remove the impediments which prevent the purchase of small holdings. The Government is pledged to devise some scheme which may reconcile the interests of vendors with the conversion by purchase of occupiers into freeholders. At first there is little doubt that the prosperity of the country will be promoted by the change. Remote inconveniences need not be too closely considered.

MORAL INSTRUCTION AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE Birmingham School Board has enjoyed unexampled opportunities of carrying out the principles by which it proposed to regenerate the human race, and to condemn to eternal impotence the demon of Sectarianism. It cannot complain that its action has been thwarted by an obstinate minority, or by a majority which it could not depend on. The dominant party in the Board has had its own way on all occasions and upon all subjects. The sufficiency of secular instruction for all the purposes of education has been proclaimed with beautiful consistency, and no admixture of inferior matter has been suffered to lower the quality of the article produced. No, we are wrong—one such interpolation has been tolerated. The Board has taken great interest in a scheme for promoting kindness to animals, and in this element of morality its officers have been allowed to conduct examinations. Still this need not constitute a serious infringement of the Secular principle. It is possible to enforce kindness to animals by considerations of pure utility. The horse must not be beaten, lest it should kick; the dog must not be teased, lest it should bite. Counsels of this kind might be given to children without appealing to any motive that is not strictly intellectual; and it is not necessary to suppose that the instruction given in the Birmingham schools has ever gone beyond this limit. At the last monthly meeting of the Board this secular repose was for the first time broken in upon. A motion was brought forward, and, stranger still, carried, which goes far to upset the secular principle altogether. It has never been an essential part of this principle, as understood by the Birmingham School Board, that only secular subjects should be learnt by children. All that has been required by the Birmingham Secularist to be believed as an article of faith is the impropriety of their learning anything else in school hours. The contention of the Board has been that within the school precincts nothing should be taught upon which any difference of opinion exists among those who pay for the teaching. So long as only secular subjects are included in the course, there is no danger of this rule being infringed. Every ratepayer admits that if a child goes to school at all, it had better learn to read and write and cast accounts. To these subjects, therefore, and such others as naturally followed from them, the teaching

given in the Board schools has been restricted. Religion and morality have been left to the parent, the home, the Sunday school, the street, or whatever other influences the children have happened to come in the way of.

Apparently the Chairman of the Birmingham Board, Mr. GEORGE DIXON, has lately been inquiring into the moral condition of the schools under the jurisdiction of the Board. He does not state this in so many words, but it seems naturally to follow from his argument. The resolution which the Board at his instance has adopted declares that "systematic moral instruction" shall for the future be given in all the Board schools; and the reason he assigns for making the proposal is that the children may become "better acquainted with the meaning of 'right and wrong.'" He believes—and here we certainly shall not disagree with him—that a great step will be gained if the children can be made aware of the fact that they have consciences, that they have duties to perform, and that they may sometimes do right and sometimes wrong. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. DIXON that these not very recondite or complex views of morality ought, on the secularist theory, to have been already impressed upon these children by their parents or guardians, or by the ministers of the religious denominations to which their parents belong. If this duty has been neglected, and the children have been suffered to grow up with no more moral teaching than the Board schools have afforded them, the case of the anti-secularist is as good as proved. That case has always been an extremely simple one. Reasonable Denominationalists have not denied that the division between secular and religious and moral teaching insisted on by the Secularists is practicable on paper. They have contented themselves with maintaining that, as regards the poor, it will seldom be practicable except on paper. Here and there, of course, there will be parents who will take pains to see that their children learn the rudiments of morality and religion; but, for the most part, a poor man thinks that he has sufficiently done his duty by his children when he has made them over to the care of a teacher. Their schooling is, in his eyes, an indivisible whole, and when he has intrusted them to the schoolmaster for one part of this whole, he assumes that they have been made over to him for every part. The Secularists could not have wished for a more favourable field for the trial of this experiment than they have had at Birmingham. The secularist character of the Board has been so loudly proclaimed that no room has been left for any blundering on the part of the parents. They have been reminded in every possible way that the School Board undertakes nothing but secular teaching, and leaves religion and morality to be taught by such voluntary agents as care to teach them. If ever, therefore, parents were to be found ready to supply the gaps in the School Board teaching, it would be the Birmingham parents. They knew exactly what the School Board schools professed to teach and what they professed not to teach. If they took no steps to make good the deficiency in other ways they knew—at all events they had been plainly told—that it would not be made good by the Board.

It was to be expected, therefore, on the secularist showing, that the two powers—the teacher and the parent—would between them have sufficiently armed the children in the Birmingham schools against intellectual and moral ignorance. How far this has been done as regards the latter may be gathered from Mr. DIXON's speech. If it is so urgently necessary to teach children that they have consciences and duties, the moral side of their training has plainly been neglected. These are but the merest rudiments of morality; and, if the children in the Board schools are still ignorant of them, it is plain that they have never been taught morality at all. They are equally rudiments of religion; so that it is safe to say that the minds of these children are a blank as regards religion also. The agencies on which we have been told to rely to supplement the teaching given in secular schools have been altogether inactive. They may have been to blame, for about this there are no data on which to found an opinion; but, whether they have been to blame or not, there is no doubt as to their inaction. Now the secularist Board comes awkwardly forward to remedy its own errors. Systematic moral instruction is to be given in all its schools. We must give Mr. DIXON the credit of not having blinked the obvious objections to which, on the secularist principle, this proposal is open. Of whatever

triumphs in the way of independence moralify may hereafter show itself capable, it has hitherto been ordinarily associated with some form of religion, and it would be too much to expect of the teachers in the schools belonging to the Board that they should at once emancipate themselves from the traditions which this association implies. Hereafter, when Cosmic Emotion and the Worship of Humanity have settled which of them is to guide men's actions, the Birmingham School Board will know how to shape its moral teaching; but in the interval some allowance must be made for the infection of theology that doth remain, yea in them that are secular. Here is where Mr. DIXON's philosophical tolerance shines out so brightly. He goes so far as to say that if, in the teaching of morality in the Birmingham schools, some teachers should find it an assistance to mention the name of the CREATOR and to dwell a little on immortality, he—speaking for himself—would not ask that they should be censured. Considering what irritation these obsolete ideas often awaken in the minds of the enlightened persons who have outgrown them, Mr. DIXON's readiness to make allowance for teachers who have not yet learned that morality has no need either of God or of a future life deserves the highest praise. As a consistent Secularist he is bound to visit any mention of these things on the part of a teacher with instant expulsion; but he feels that charity is better than consistency, and that, if morality is to be taught at all, an occasional reference to religion must at first be borne with. We shall look forward with interest to the manual which Mr. DIXON hints that the Birmingham School Board will shortly put forth. "Morality without Religion" will, in its way, be as great an achievement as "Astronomy without Mathematics."

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS BILL.

THERE was no need for Mr. TORRENS to apologize for the introduction of his Artisans' Dwellings Bill on Wednesday. Even if it had aimed at making Mr. CROSS's Act a little more effectual the proposal, though it might have been irreverent, would certainly not have been inexpedient. In spite of the glowing picture drawn by Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY of the artisans' dwelling-houses which in three years' time will cover the great spaces that have been cleared in London under the Act of 1875, there is good reason to complain of the delay which has already been interposed between the passing of the statute and its execution. Sir JAMES HOGG says that it is not the fault of the Metropolitan Board of Works, since the difficulty has arisen in disposing of the ground, and the Board cannot make purchasers come forward against their will. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, who on this matter speaks with the authority of an expert, says that the conditions of sale are so arbitrary and burdensome that no one will consent to be bound by them. If this accusation is well founded, Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY's expectations may, after all, not be realized. The only thing about which there is no doubt at all is that in London the sole effect which the Act of 1875 has at present had is to make things worse than it found them. Before Mr. CROSS undertook to legislate, there was nothing like the overcrowding which now exists. The inmates of the demolished houses have not been got rid of, nor have they been given any fresh houses to live in. The only alternative open to them was to herd closer together in such houses as were left. The benefit to be done by the Act in 1882—the year to which Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY's prophecy has reference—ought to be very great if it is to compensate for the additional misery and degradation which the Act will have caused during the seven years for which it will then have existed.

Except, however, that both measures relate to the demolition and rebuilding of houses in towns, there is no resemblance between them. Mr. CROSS's Act deals exclusively with large towns and with large areas. It contemplates a state of things so bad that it is impossible to treat it except on a very grand scale. The needs of a whole district may be taken into consideration at once, and many houses not in themselves unfit for habitation may be condemned because, if they remain, it will be impossible to open up the area in question properly. Mr. TORRENS's Bill relates to towns of every size, provided that they are under the jurisdiction of a local Board, and to any house or houses

in these towns. Wherever in any such town the Officer of Health is of opinion that any street or any house is unfit for human habitation, or is in a condition injurious to health, he is directed to report to the local authority whether these defects can be remedied by structural alterations and improvements, or whether the street or house in question ought to be pulled down. If he has not of his own motion discovered the existence of these unhealthy habitations, there is a provision for keeping him up to his work. Any four householders living in the neighbourhood may represent to the Officer of Health that such or such premises are in a state likely to engender disease, and have in fact occasioned disease, and upon the receipt of such representation the Officer of Health is to inspect and report upon the premises. When the local authority is in possession of the report from its Officer of Health, it is directed in effect to give the owner his choice between executing the necessary works himself and selling the land to the local authority. If he chooses to do the works he must execute them without needless delay, and if he fails in this respect the local authority may either complete the improvements and recover the cost from the owner, or may order the premises to be shut up. If the owner does not choose to do the works the local authority may either close the premises or buy them, or empower any Building Company to buy them, and in each of these last-mentioned cases there is a provision for the compensation of the owner. Mr. TORRENS's object, in fact, is to enable the local authority to say to any owner of houses which have been pronounced unfit for human habitation, "You shall no longer play the part of dog in the manger. If you choose to make your houses habitable, that is all we require of you. If you do not choose to make your houses habitable, we shall insist that you hand them over to some one who will. As they are they are a nuisance, and though we do not want to punish you for what is very possibly not, or not wholly, your own fault, you cannot be allowed to keep a nuisance alive. There is already an Act of Parliament in existence investing local authorities with powers similar to these except as regards compensation. But the only alternative to compensation is confiscation. In a great number of cases it is out of the power of the owner of such houses to bear the cost of putting them in repair. He has neither the money nor the credit which such an undertaking would require. Yet it would be hard to deprive him of his property simply on the ground that it is a nuisance; at least, whether it would be hard or not, no local authority would think of taking so violent a measure. Consequently a compensation clause of some kind is essential to the efficacy of such a Bill; and when the House of Lords threw out the compensation clause in the Bill of 1863, they might as well have rejected the Bill altogether. They preferred, however, to pass it shorn of the one provision which could make it effective, and from that time till now the Act has remained inoperative. If it is amended, as Mr. TORRENS proposed on Wednesday, there is no reason why it should not be largely put in force.

Mr. TORRENS seems to hope that one effect of his Bill, if it becomes law, will be to prevent overcrowding. If much stress is laid upon this aspect of the question, nothing but disappointment can ensue. There are some evils which can be touched by Act of Parliament, and others which resist such treatment; and overcrowding comes under the latter category. If Parliament chose to frame the necessary statute, it would be quite possible to ensure that no house should be sold or let for habitation which did not satisfy certain prescribed sanitary conditions. But nothing that Parliament could do would have any appreciable effect on overcrowding. So long as the poor think a low rent of more importance than either health or decency, they will continue to make one room do duty for two, and two rooms do duty for three. How can whole classes be forced to pay 6s. a week for rent, when they can get all that they want for 3s. 6d.? The object could only be attained by a system of minute and searching inspection, which would be at once most costly and most unpopular. The universal desire to save money, when it can be saved without any appreciable sacrifice, would suggest innumerable ways of evading the law; and the machinery for checking evasion, if it were at all equal to the need, would in a very short time be universally rejected as too inquisitorial to be endured. The only way in which such a Bill as Mr. TORRENS's

can act upon overcrowding is by making the population healthier. When that end has been attained, a foundation for habits of decency will have been laid; and upon this foundation it is reasonable to hope that a better state of things may by degrees be built up. It must not be forgotten, however, that the immediate effect of any improvement in the quality of houses will be to raise rents; and a population which has but just made acquaintance with this inconvenient change will hardly be disposed to take more rooms at the very moment when it is asked to pay more for those it has.

MODERN MISERY.

ARE we, then, really so very miserable? It has become fashionable to say so of late, and thoughtful persons of an analytic turn are being made uncomfortable by the groans of essayists and by the forlorn muse of the magazines. It would be useless to give the old episcopal advice to moralists who think that Englishmen are drifting into an Indian weariness of life, and that, when they hear of immortality, they merely smile, like a Hindoo witness in a late police trial when he was asked his opinion of that dogma. We cannot tell these gloomy speculators "to drink a glass of beer and go and dance with the girls." Beer is no longer thought so brightly exhilarating, and the girls prefer more eligible partners. There are, however, a few obvious considerations which may drive dull care away, and convince the anxious observer that we are not a whit more morbid and melancholy than our predecessors in this beautiful world.

A philosopher, Mr. James Payn, has informed mankind in the *Nineteenth Century* that people do not care to live long, and that we have lost the trick of laughing. These statements, like some of Coleridge's metaphysical assertions, may be put down as "merely his fun." If Mr. Payn wishes to know whether people can still laugh, he has only to borrow the cap of darkness and watch the weary critic reading his novels and short stories. He will then be convinced that the most hardened *enfants du siècle* can still indulge in inextinguishable laughter when they are presented with something worth laughing over. As to the dreary religious doubtfulness of people who no longer feel certain that they "have a hell to go to," it is plain that their problems never disturb the appetite of the thinker. He enjoys himself immensely, he is fond of society, sport, and conversation, and his gloomy speculations are only another form of amusement, a form which has been a favourite one with civilized men ever since there was any civilization. The fact is that people who busy themselves about the characteristics of their age always forget that there has ever been any age except that which they honour with their presence. All the freaks of human absurdity seem new to them, whereas they are as old as the hills (or, at least, as the later geological formations), and as common as life and death. We have only to glance at the literature of the past to see that it has its morbid moments in plenty, and that its morbid moments are precisely like our own. That there is more talk at this particular moment about the vanity and emptiness of things, about the disappointments and broken illusions of life, than at certain other periods, is perhaps true; but as we shall presently see, that admits of a satisfactory explanation.

Melancholy used to be called "the English disease" in the last century—that century which people call shallow and light-hearted; and a learned physician, Dr. Cheyne, wrote a book on the subject. We may test the seriousness and prevalence of the complaint by observing that James Boswell suffered from it, and was extremely fond of boasting of "my melancholy." He, too, like some contemporary essayists, would chatter freely about death, and the vanity of things, and the doubtfulness of the future. These speculations did not prevent the heir of Auchinleck from enjoying his bottle of wine, the "caresses of the great," and of other persons to whose society he was too much addicted. May we not say that the gloom of young moralists who now "feel weary," as Mr. Payn pathetically says, after they have smoked, dined, and talked too much, is of the same complexion as Boswell's melancholy? It is a kind of quiet little intellectual dissipation to fall back upon when other diversions fail. It was thus that Chateaubriand's René regarded his own depression. It became a kind of occupation, he admits; and it is at present rather a fashionable diversion, like lawn tennis, or elocution, or ambulance classes. It is what people call "interesting"; it is the natural refuge of the *poseur*.

If one tries to go further than this, and examines the expressions of people who have nothing to do and are for the moment tired or disappointed, we find them repeating, in their feeble way, a very old tune. What can possibly be said about the emptiness of life, love, and ambition; about the failure of hope; about the dismal fortunes of the race, that has not been said much better by Senancour? A French gentleman of undecided religious opinions once said that it was good for him to be in the company of atheists. He then felt orthodox, out of mere opposition, and clearly saw, and exposed, the fallacies of sceptical reasoning. In the society of believers the contrary effects were produced. Thus we would recommend any person who really feels at odds with life to work through the voluminous writings of the miserable Senancour. We would spare him nothing—Obermann, Isabelle (a female Obermann) *Réveries*, *Fragments*, and the two stout

volumes *De l'Amour*, all must be waded through. The result would be a flow of lively spirits enough to last a lifetime. Out of mere opposition the reader would protest that all life was a good in itself—even the estate of a hansom-cab horse has its pleasures—and that a man should be ashamed of himself who cannot derive exquisite happiness and content from the aspect of the universe, from work, from the affections, the passions, the regrets, the pains, all the threads that are woven into the bright and shining web of mortal experience.

This optimism, if it is optimism, is a natural reaction against the languid pessimism of dismal philosophers who are always breaking their toys to see what is inside them. But a mere glance at the expression of men's thoughts as it is bequeathed to us in literature shows that all our modern dirges are but repetitions of "an ancient song," of a well-worn commonplace. "Not first to us seemed beauty beautiful," nor old age a weariness, nor life the flitting of a wild bird from the waste, through the warm and brilliant hall, into the waste again and the snow. Homer and Mr. Payn's *Landlord of the Midway Inn* have not much in common; but there are times when Homer takes the Landlord's view of old age. Can Leopardi, or Senancour, or Mr. Swinburne with his lament over dead faiths and dying—

They are Gods, and behold they shall die, and
The waves be upon them at last—

can they match the directness of the Egyptian festal dirge?—

The Gods who were beforetime rest in their tombs!
Ye go
To the place whence they return not!

To think of these expressions of one mood and one moment in the countless moments and moods of human life and feeling is to be reminded of scores of others. We call the ancient Greeks light-hearted, and contrast our despair with their life of unreflecting enjoyment, our dubious hope with their serene certainty of eternal rest in Elysian Fields, among the faces of friends and the best pleasures of their earthly life. Yet who has put into six lines despair so deep and scepticism so tormenting as the nameless poet who has left only this single fragment?—"How, save by the gate of Death, can we flee from thee, Life; for in thee are a thousand woes, and hard it is, either to flee or to bear! Sweet is nature, and nature's beautiful things; sweet is the sight of the earth, and the sea, and the stars, and the cycles of the sun and the moon. Yea, but the rest is all trouble and terror; and, even if happiness befall a man, sorrow overtakes him in revenge." It is not easy to go beyond these lines in the expression of utter weariness of life, combined with dread of the unknown alternative—death. Yet these lines only repeat a thought that is common in Greek poetry, that is familiar to Sophocles, and that is thus translated from Menander by the accomplished author of an essay on that comic writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* :—

That man, methinks, is of all men the happiest
Who, having stayed just long enough on earth
To feast his sight with this fair face of nature :—
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry fires—
Betakes him to the nothing whence he came
By painless death and sudden.

We are apt to think that the sentiment which contrasts the beauty of nature, in itself an absolute good, with the emptiness of human life in which it is the one thing satisfying, is a modern sentiment. It is as old as reflection, as old as the Book of Job; and the only thing peculiar about the feeling of the day is that a good many hands unconsciously touch Menander's lyre, while other writers more consciously follow Omar Khayam.

It is still necessary to ask why this note is so frequently repeated in the fugitive literature of the moment. The answer seems to be that there is so much fugitive literature. There have been ages when all the world did not write, when one could be morbid without printing the result of one's depression, and when every mood was not material for copy. Now people really cannot afford to waste any idea that comes into their heads, and there is more melancholy speculation because more people speculate and print their ideas. More people are not dissatisfied than of old, but more people who are dissatisfied say so. A *décauvrée* young lady in Miss Edgeworth's time made depressing remarks to her acquaintances, and wrote dreary reams to her bosom-friends. She did not print a volume of "Tired-out Triolets," or "Sonnets of Soul Sickness," nor publish an introspective novel, nor contribute advanced essays called "Is Immortality Worth Having?" to the rare and infrequent periodicals of the time. All our hearts are now worn on our sleeves (a small fee being, if possible, charged for the privilege of inspection), and thus all the existing gloominess is exposed at one and the same time. On the other hand, people who are jolly do not often make literary capital out of their happiness. They simply do not think or speak about it at all, any more than a man in perfect health talks about his "symptoms."

If it comes to a question as to whether the "spirit of the age," that hard-worked conductor of the universal omnibus, discourages happiness, the answer is surely in the negative. Leo X. is said to have observed that his own were jolly times, and that it was a pleasure to live in them. Something was always going on, curiosity and expectation were always on the stretch, as they are to-day. Really mere historical curiosity might tempt people to wish to attain extreme old age, even were that age to be as physically uncomfortable as the condition of the Struldbrugs. Life is worth living, if it were merely for the chance of seeing the Eastern question out. One would not willingly die before the discovery

of the Missing Link. It is worth existing to know what will be the future of the electric light, of the dispute between the Russian Government and the Russians, of the Bill for permitting one to marry a deceased wife's sister, of Sir Bartle Frere and the Zulus, and of the French Republic. A hundred charming problems suggest themselves to the moralist who keeps his mind a little detached from his own private concerns. A fanatical interest in their investments and their future prospects is the thing that makes people dissatisfied and morbid and apt to question the value of life. To any one who looks outside his own petty affairs, the mere "joy of adventurous living" in an age of great events and colossal experiments is sufficient in itself. We have all life-tickets admitting us to what is probably the best dramatic performance in the universe, and that should be enough for us at present.

THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN THOUGHT.

AT the opening of a paper in the *Contemporary Review* on "Origen and the Beginnings of Christian Philosophy," Dr. Westcott touches on the great struggle between the Pagan and Christian systems of philosophy during the first three centuries of our era, which is at once a deeply interesting and a much neglected subject of inquiry. We are apt to speak, or at least to think, in a loose sort of way of the conversion of the Empire, as though up to the year 313 A.D. Christians were undergoing a chronic and almost intermittent persecution, until suddenly the whole edifice of Greek and Roman Paganism collapsed, like the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of Joshua, and thenceforth the Church was coextensive with the civilized world. It need hardly be said that a view more grotesquely unhistorical could hardly be conceived. Christianity, in spite of frequent outbreaks of persecution, very unequal in duration and intensity, was carrying on an active and continuous conflict, and on the whole making a steady advance, during the time of trial which preceded its public recognition. On the other hand, Paganism after the formal conversion of the Emperors still retained its hold on a large proportion—at first a decided majority—of the population under their rule; and even its outward forms and splendour—its priesthoods, endowments, and ceremonials—maintained a protracted, if somewhat precarious existence, long after it might have been supposed that imperial edicts or popular sentiment would have suppressed all public manifestations of a defeated and decaying faith. The history of the first three centuries, as Dr. Westcott puts it, is the history of a threefold contest between the rival forces of the new and the old creed, closed by a threefold victory. "They met in the market and the house; they met in the discussions of the schools; they met in the institutions of political government." There were, in other words, conflicts in the region of life, of thought, and of the State; and the victory in the world of thought, with which we are at present chiefly concerned, was the second, not the first. "The victory of the soldiers"—the common mass who supplied the multitude of martyrs, confessors, and humble examples of Christian faith and practice—came before "the victory of the captains of Christ's army," who vindicated the philosophical claims of the conquering creed. The period during which this second conflict was waged Dr. Westcott defines, "roughly speaking," to be "from the middle of the second to the middle of the third century"—the special age of what are called "the Apologists" which precedes the age of "the Fathers." Of course the discussion really lasted much longer, but for its immediate purpose the limit of time is correct enough. And one of its leading characteristics was this, that, in the words of another recent writer, it "was a moment in the history of the human mind when East and West were blending their traditions to form the husk of Christian creeds and the fantastic visions of Neoplatonism," while moreover its "whole creative and expansive force lay in the despised Christian sect." The peculiar centre and point of contact of these diverse influences, at once conflicting and yet converging, was found at Alexandria, "the forge of fanciful imaginations, the majority of which were destined to pass like clouds and leave not a wrack behind, while a few fastened with the force of a dogma on the conscience of awakening Christendom." Mr. Lecky is not far wrong when he says that "the influence which this (Alexandrian or Neoplatonic) school exercised over Christianity forms one of the most remarkable pages in [early] ecclesiastical history," though he certainly exaggerates it, in suggesting that Neoplatonic modes of thought are reflected in St. John's Gospel. No one familiar with Dr. Newman's *History of the Arians*, one of the earliest and ablest of his works, can be ignorant of the important part played by the Alexandrian school in the development of Christian doctrine. After referring to the "cosmopolitan" tendencies of the age Dr. Westcott adds:

As a necessary consequence, the teaching of the Bible accessible in Greek began to attract serious attention among the heathen. The assailants of Christianity, even if they affected contempt, showed that they were deeply moved by its doctrines. The memorable saying of Numenius, "What is Plato but Moses speaking in the language of Athens?" shows at once the feeling after spiritual sympathy which began to be entertained, and the want of spiritual insight in the representatives of Gentile thought. Though there is no evidence that Numenius studied or taught at Alexandria, his words express the form of feeling which prevailed there. Nowhere else were the characteristic tendencies of the age more marked than in that marvellous city. Alexandria had been from its foundation a meeting-place

of the East and West—of old and new—the home of learning, of criticism, of syncretism. It presented a unique example in the Old World of that mixture of races which forms one of the most important features of modern society. Indians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, met there on common ground. Their characteristic ideas were discussed, exchanged, combined. The extremes of luxury and asceticism existed side by side. Over all the excitement and turmoil of the recent city rested the solemn shadow of Egypt. The thoughtful Alexandrine inherited in the history of countless ages, sympathy with a vast life.

And he goes on to cite the testimony of a prominent personage of philosophical tastes, who has indeed sometimes, though on grounds absurdly inadequate, been credited with being actually a Christian, the Emperor Hadrian. Hadrian had himself disputed with the professors at the Alexandrian Museum, and Dr. Westcott notes the curious fact that the practice of magic was already coming into vogue there; Celsus, according to Origen, "compared the miracles of the Lord with the feats of those who have been taught by Egyptians." Dr. Westcott naturally interprets this as showing that "there was a longing among men for some sensible revelation of the unseen, and a conviction that such a revelation was possible." Incredulity had reached its extreme point in the Roman Empire during the period immediately preceding and following the commencement of the Christian era. From the middle of the first century a reaction began to set in, and there was a growing desire for some positive religious belief. The expiring Paganism made desperate and sometimes temporarily successful efforts to satisfy this desire, and it is remarkable that in doing so it was constrained to borrow, consciously or unconsciously, as Dr. Westcott implies, from the powerful rival whose advance it was striving to arrest. One startling example of this, which helps to support his argument, is closely connected with the name of Hadrian. A recent writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. J. A. Symonds, has traced out with much care and ingenuity the true significance of what he calls "the canonization of Antinous," which has proved a standing puzzle to historians. Milman speaks of the act as "tending to alienate a large portion of the thinking class, already wavering in their cold and doubtful polytheism, to any purer or more ennobling system of religion," and quotes a prediction from the Sibylline (probably Christian) poet about Hadrian:—

παῖδά θεὸν δεκνύσει πάντα σεβάζματα λύσει.

This, however, was by no means the effect of the procedure. There was nothing of course out of the way in itself in the deification of an imperial favourite. These posthumous compliments were a common fashion of the Empire, and strangely enough lasted on into Christian times. But what is at first sight very perplexing—especially considering the circumstances as commonly reported—is the exceptional duration and tenacity on popular sentiment of a cult which may in the first instance have sprung from a mere personal whim of the reigning Emperor. This might account for the fact of the city near which the death of Antinous occurred being rebuilt and named after him, and a new constellation which appeared about the same time being identified with his glorified spirit. It will not account for the rapid spread of his worship throughout the provinces of the Mediterranean and its survival for some three centuries. Medals were struck and countless works of art produced to perpetuate his memory; public games were periodically celebrated at Antinoe, at Mantinea, Eleusis, Athens, and elsewhere, in his honour; he had temples, priesthoods, oracles, miracles; great cities wore wreaths of red lotus on his feast day. His worship extended not only over Greece and Asia but into Italy also, where his name is frequently found in Roman and Neapolitan inscriptions, and his statues in various cities of the Campagna. No other imperial apotheosis took such a hold on popular belief. What was the secret of its success? It is needless here to follow Mr. Symonds into his elaborate discussion of the different versions of the legend about the death of the Bithynian slave, and the comparative evidence on which they rest. But he seems to us to have clearly established the actual *motif*, so to say, of his cult as it came to be generally accepted. It was adopted as supplying a nobler and more spiritual element to the effete forces of the ancient Paganism. "Here and there, in the indignant utterance of a Christian Father, stung to the quick by Pagan parallels between Antinous and Christ, we catch a perverted echo of the popular emotion upon which his cult reposed, which recognized his godhood or his vicarious sacrifice, and paid enduring tribute to the sublimity of his young life untimely quenched." In short, "the most rational conclusion seems to be that Antinous became in truth a popular saint, and satisfied some new need in Paganism, for which none of the elder and more respectable deities sufficed." The belief in the value of vicarious suffering, of which classical literature presents so many illustrations, and to which Christian preaching had given a fresh and powerful impulse, attached itself to the new demigod and this appears in process of time to have become more or less distinctly recognized by Christian Apologists. Prudentius, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Eusebius, Justin Martyr, Tatian, all inveigh against the base adulation of the worship of the imperial favourite—which however will not explain its maintenance and increase long after Hadrian's death; but Origen treats the matter more seriously in his controversy with Celsus. Celsus had deliberately put forward the self-devotion of Antinous in rivalry with the sacrifice of Christ. Origen replies, justly enough, that there is no real parallel between the lives thus strangely compared, and that the alleged divinity of the favourite is a fiction. But it is clear from the method of treatment on both sides how the name of Antinous

had become endeared to his Pagan votaries, and formidable, or at least odious rather than simply contemptible, to Christian Apologists. His cult, however it originated, had been adapted by a kind of plagiarism very characteristic of the age, for the satisfaction of the cravings which the Christian doctrines of self-devotion and immortality had awakened throughout the Roman world.

Alexandria, as Dr. Westcott observes, offered an epitome of the old world which Christianity aspired to quicken in all its parts. And there too the first attempt was made, in the second century, to give a philosophic form to the Christian solution of the problems of the age. To the questions uppermost in men's minds at the time three types of answers were being returned, the Gnostic, the Neoplatonist, and the Christian. As against the Gnostic the teachers of the new faith maintained that the universe was created, not by any inferior demiurgus, good or bad, but by the one Supreme Deity, and that evil is not inherent in matter, but due to the misuse of free will by the creature. As against the Neoplatonist they insisted on the separate and true personality of the Deity, and the reality of the Incarnation and its results. As against both alike they maintained that the Creator is distinct but not alien from the world He made, which was originally good, and that man is the crown and end of creation. Moreover, while Gnostic and Neoplatonist were agreed in despairing of the world as it is, and saw no salvation for the multitude, the Christian was content to appeal not to the few but to the many, and claimed to be the bearer of a message addressed, in virtue of a common divine faculty, to all alike who bore the stamp of the Creator and were the subjects of a common redemption. But while his answer to the difficulties propounded was a widely different one, the Christian teacher was prepared to meet the Pagan philosopher on his own ground. He "did not lay aside the philosopher's mantle in virtue of his office, but rather assumed it"; so literally indeed was this the case that convert philosophers continued to wear the cloak or mantle which had been the outward badge of their former calling. "At Alexandria a Christian 'School'—the well known Catechetical School—arose by the side of the Museum," and from the first they were connected with each other by more than mere local proximity, as was curiously typified in later days by the intimate relations of Hypatia with Synesius, both before and after his conversion and elevation to the episcopate. Both Pantænus and Clement, the first great names in the Catechetical School, were led to embrace the Gospel through the study of philosophy, and both of them carried on their philosophical studies as Christians. Origen, the most famous of them all, was born of Christian parents, and trained from the cradle in the exercise of piety and faith. He was but sixteen when his father was martyred, and before he was eighteen he became a teacher in the Catechetical School. Nor did he shrink from attending the lectures of Ammonius Saccas, the founder of Neoplatonism, whose lessons appeared to him to unveil fresh depths in the Bible; and in after years, when charged with listening to the opinions of heretics and heathens, he defended himself by the example of Heraclius, his fellow disciple in the school of Ammonius, who, "while now a presbyter at Alexandria, still wears the philosopher's dress and diligently studies the works of the Greeks." He exhorted his theological scholars to study first the philosophers and poets of every nation. Yet he never faltered for a moment in his Christian steadfastness, and it was not his fault that the torture and imprisonment inflicted upon him in the Decian persecution were not consummated by a violent death. But it is no part of our purpose to follow Dr. Westcott into a discussion of the life, writings, and opinions of Origen. As a great master of the Alexandrian Catechetical School he may be taken to illustrate the points as well of contact as of divergence between the Pagan and Christian modes of thought at the beginning of the third century. It is true, as was observed before, that "the victory of common life" preceded in the long struggle of the early Church "the victory of thought," and of "civil organization." As St. Augustine said afterwards, *domuit orbem non ferro, sed ligno*, by patient suffering, not by outward force. The martyrs came before the Apologists, and the populace were already being won over before philosophers and statesmen would lend an ear to the teachers of the new religion. In Dr. Westcott's words, "the discipline of action precedes the effort of reason," just as, we may add, the process of reasoning precedes the elaboration of the formal rules of logic. But the second stage is not less indispensable than the first. The triumph of Christianity in the world could never have been assured if it had not proved itself able to satisfy the intellectual no less than the moral cravings of mankind.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

THE influence of imaginative literature in the conduct of practical affairs is, we believe, persistently underrated. Again and again the police reports furnish us with instances of precocious depravity which has been begotten solely by the perusal of the adventures of Dick Turpin and his brave companions. Little urchins who, but for the compelling power of literature, would still be content with marbles or pitch-and-toss, are suddenly launched upon a career of crime, and are inspired by the examples of romance to adopt the profession and to brave the perils of highway robbery. They strive to illustrate in their own humble way the truth of Shelley's assertion that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world"; and, although we are apt to smile at their naive acceptance of the lessons of literature, such

childish exploits are in a manner significant of a force that is widely acknowledged. Something of the same touching susceptibility to the teachings of fiction may be discovered, we think, in the essay in social legislation which has just been made by Mr. Herschell. Like these impressionable little gutter children, he, too, might have been content to follow the dull routine in which so many other members of Parliament pass their lives had his brain not been fired by the vivid invention of a great English novelist. If there is any real distinction to be found between the two cases, it is such as is not altogether creditable to Mr. Herschell's candour. The youthful highwayman is generally eager to confess the source of his inspiration; but we have searched in vain through the report of Mr. Herschell's learned and impassioned speech for even a passing reference to that great master of fiction in whose service he has laboured. And yet who can doubt that this first independent exploit in Mr. Herschell's Parliamentary career is indeed founded upon a morbid sympathy with the imagined sufferings of Mr. Pickwick? It is true that in the course of his address he quoted one or two instances of hardship from the experience of actual life; but these were not of a kind to justify the spirit of youthful energy and ardour with which he urged his cause. The resolve to free his fellow-men from the tyranny under which poor Mr. Pickwick fell had manifestly been fed by years of brooding pity over a fate which the skilful hand of the novelist has surrounded with pathetic circumstances. We have no desire to pry into the recesses of Mr. Herschell's mind, or to follow too curiously the processes of its development; but, to judge by the enthusiastic temper in which he now approaches this subject, we may surmise that it was in quite early life that he first yielded to the sway of Dickens's genius. Years of rough contact with the world may perhaps, for a while, have dulled the force of his first eager conviction, and in the pursuit of an active and arduous calling he may sometimes have been tempted to forget Mr. Pickwick's wrongs. But the first impressions made upon a mind of poetic temper are certain to reassert themselves, and in the ideal atmosphere of the House of Commons Mr. Herschell has found occasion to indulge what has doubtless been a long-cherished ambition. There are various influences which may have quickened his resolve. Mr. Gilbert's burlesque of *Trial by Jury*, assuming the functions of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, has perchance served to revive his dormant sympathies, and thus to complete the good work begun by Dickens's earliest romance. Certain it is that the dream of youth has at last been translated into the formal and precise language of legislation, and the iniquitous verdict in the celebrated case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* has been reversed by a higher tribunal.

The success of Mr. Herschell's resolution is therefore to be regarded as a notable instance of poetic justice, and the debate in the House of Commons might be fitly published as a sequel to the *Pickwick Papers*. From a more strictly prosaic point of view, however, the transaction is possibly open to question. In common with nearly all men of warm poetic temperament, Mr. Herschell displays a certain lack of the logical faculty. He is so impressed with the occasional wrong that has been done by British jurymen that he is anxious to abolish the law. It may be remembered that *Hamlet*, filled with the unhappiness caused by one marriage, went so far as to declare that there should be no more marriages. Mr. Herschell is moved by a kindred fallacy. He has seen instances in which the process of law has failed to secure justice, and he therefore emphatically asserts that there should be no more actions for breach of promise to marry. "It was almost impossible," he told his hearers, "in an action for breach of promise that a man should obtain justice. The facts could not be brought fairly before a jury. If he attempted to suggest that the woman was anything but an angel in temper, a very embodiment of all the female virtues, so that there would be some reason to justify a man in not marrying her, the mere suggestion was enough to bring down upon him a whole torrent of invective from judge, counsel, and jury." This is indeed a pitiable state of things. That lament of "man's inhumanity to man," in which Burns indulged, obviously needs correction. Henceforth it is woman's inhumanity to man that must be reckoned as the crying evil of the world, unless indeed the success of Mr. Herschell's abstract resolution should prove the means of affording to the stronger sex a brief respite from persecution. The experience of the House of Commons has, we must suppose, a fatal tendency to dull and blunt the sense of humour, but to those who have not the genius for legislation there is something irresistibly comic in the result of Tuesday's debate. That infants need special measures of protection is indeed well known, and the Legislature has even admitted a similar plea in regard to other classes of the community. But this is the first occasion, as far as we gather, upon which Parliament has deliberately resolved to pass a measure of special protection for the entire body of male citizens. And this new departure in our legislation was effected, it may be observed, with unimpeachable gravity of demeanour. Mr. Herschell began his speech with the observation that "those who had come expecting amusement would go empty away," and the result more than sustained his prediction. How absolutely serious was the spirit in which the whole affair was conducted may be judged from the fact that the announcement of victory "was received with cheers." The state of anxious despondency in which these downtrodden gentlemen had awaited the news of their release was suddenly exchanged for a shout of triumph, and they doubtless returned to the more prosaic duties of the evening with the proud conviction that the Session had not been altogether barren of great achievement.

We trust, however, that members of Parliament will take time for reflection before attempting to give practical effect to the ridiculous decision into which they have been betrayed. Having poured forth to the country the pathetic story of their wrongs, it might be well for them to consider whether, after all, it would not be wiser to endure them with manly fortitude. One of the arguments which Mr. Herschell used in favour of his resolution was that the law was powerless to beget love or to preserve it, and that it was therefore iniquitous to insist upon the performance of a promise in which the existence of love was implied. It is by such tender and blameless sentiments as these that the impressionable members of the House of Commons have been carried off their feet. They were transported without warning into the ideal atmosphere of the three-volume novel, and they have been unable to resist the fascinating eloquence of their guide. In common with him they seemed to forget that the law has never made any attempt to create or foster a sentimental affection. Its more modest ambition has been directed to the punishment of a substantial and obvious wrong, which is none the less tangible and real because it is complicated by the association of tender feeling. It may be true, as Mr. Herschell asserts, that a man who is anxious to draw back from his engagement is not likely to be a desirable husband, but that is no reason why he should escape the consequences of his conduct. By the breach of his promise he inflicts in many cases the gravest injury upon a woman's future; and, although it may be impossible to measure that injury by money, it is still within the power of a jury to afford a measure of his disgrace. Nor are damages which a jury may award any more remote than in other actions in which character and reputation are concerned. There are cases in which an action for a breach of promise of marriage may be the only means available to a woman to vindicate her fame. So long as no penalty attaches to his withdrawal from a solemn engagement, a man is at liberty to insinuate his own explanation of the circumstance, and this may often act as a source of grievous injustice to the unfortunate creature whom he has wronged. Without going so far as to bring himself within the law of slander, it is easy for him in such cases to create a strong prejudice in his favour; and it is most wholesome, to our thinking, that such a temptation should be subject to the check which an action for breach of promise affords. If that action is to be abolished, every sentimental young scamp will be encouraged to indulge himself in an engagement without any thought of carrying it to a serious conclusion, and every scoundrel under the guise of sentimentalism will be free to employ a promise of marriage as an easy means of securing his own ends. Mr. Herschell spoke of this action as being, in fact, the exclusive property of a class, and he reminded his hearers that it was but rarely employed by persons in the higher circles of society. This, no doubt, is true; but its truth is rather an argument for the maintenance of the law as it stands. The action is used by those who most need its use, and to whom the pecuniary compensation which it offers is most appropriate. Long engagements are often a necessity with young men and women who have yet to win the means that will enable them to marry, and it is in the breach of these engagements that the cruellest injury is inflicted. To the woman who is abandoned after years of waiting such a withdrawal from the contract means often the complete ruin of her future prospects, even where it does not, as is often the case, imply the ruin of her character. Mr. Herschell did, indeed, condescend to refer to those cases in which the promise of marriage results in seduction; but he disposed of them at once by a single sentence of lofty sentiment. "It would be impossible," he said, "to afford relief of that kind to a woman whose virtue had failed, when it was denied to a woman whose virtue had been unshaken." Such a line of argument may perhaps be regarded as complete if we admit the advisableness of limiting the present power of the law. If the action is to be abolished, it had better perhaps be abolished altogether; but the fact that, by its abolition, the unprincipled seducer would be allowed to go scot-free, seems to us only another reason for leaving the law as it stands. If, as Mr. Herschell would have us believe, such a law cannot be justly administered under our present system, that is rather a reason for introducing some modification into the system. How far the institution of trial by jury may have failed in regard to this particular action we are not prepared to say. Doubtless juriesmen occasionally make astounding blunders both of reason and sentiment, but this is not, to our thinking, a sufficient cause for abandoning our laws in despair. If the errors of British juries are to be made the test of the soundness of our legislation, there will be scarcely any branch of law that can be retained.

YAWLS v. CUTTERS.

A DISCUSSION which certainly has not been wanting in fervour has during some weeks past been carried on in the *Field* respecting the merits of these two classes of vessels. It might be thought that the question was practically decided already, as there can be no doubt that of late yawls have to a certain extent taken the place of cutters. In an article in the *Field*, to which we shall presently refer more fully, it is pointed out that, whereas between 1854 and 1864 there were never more than sixty yawls, there were at the beginning of the present year no less than three hundred and fifty. So large an increase in the number of vessels of this rig

certainly seems at first sight a proof of its merits which can hardly be disputed. It appears useless to enlarge on the superiority of cutters to yawls when it is so clearly shown that the majority of yachtsmen, guided apparently by experience, have come to the conclusion that yawls are to be preferred. In yachting, however, fashion has a wonderful influence; indeed many who have to do with shipbuilding seem occasionally liable to be influenced by it, for there have been marked fashions both in men-of-war and in clipper ships. Just as a certain kind of architecture, a certain style of decoration, or a certain sort of carriage, comes for a time into vogue, no one knows exactly why, so a particular type of vessel becomes fashionable amongst yachtsmen; and perhaps fashion is the principal cause of the present popularity of yawls. In any case there are some people, not by any means unacquainted with things nautical, who do not think that this popularity is due to the merits of the rig, and who consider that the time-honoured cutter-rig, to which it was formerly thought English seamen were specially devoted, has been most unwisely deserted for the reduced mainsail and ugly little mizen of the yawl. Some who hold this view having recently expressed their opinions on the subject—certainly without too much regard for the susceptibilities of those who differed from them—have been answered, and there has been a very pretty quarrel on a question which might have been thought little likely to cause much bitterness of feeling. As was to be expected, a good deal of nonsense has been talked; but nevertheless the dispute is worth attention, as some of the facts which have been brought to light are of considerable interest to those who care for yachting.

The discussion first arose from an expression used by that well-known yachtsman, Mr. Baden Powell, when describing in the *Field* a sailing canoe of his own invention. After speaking of the value of the mizen in such a craft, he said that he hoped it would not be inferred that he admired a mizen in decked vessels, and he went on to state that he considered a mizen in a yawl yacht a "useless, ugly appendage," making a long bowsprit and large jib necessary, and tending therefore to cause a vessel to behave not well, but very badly, in a sea. This attack having been answered, Mr. Baden Powell returned to the charge, repeating the objection he had previously made, and arguing that obviously a yawl must require a long bowsprit and a large jib, and that these could be reduced if the mizen, to which he so strongly objected, were done away with. He was followed by Mr. Weguelin, the owner of the *Christine*, who energetically set forth the advantages of the cutter rig, and strongly advised those who bought racing vessels for cruising not to have cutters turned into yawls, as is so often done, but simply to reduce the size of the mainsail and jib, and thereby to obtain the best "sea-going craft in the world, which will require no more hands than a yawl, and is a thing of beauty, instead of an unsightly nondescript." This, no doubt, was vigorous language; but to some yachtsmen it will probably not seem exaggerated. Whether exaggerated or not, however, it was speedily contradicted, for the "unsightly nondescripts" were by no means without defenders. In the same number of the *Field* in which Mr. Weguelin's letter appeared, a wrathful yawl-owner sought to answer Mr. Baden Powell, and in the subsequent numbers there have been a great many letters—some of them remarkable for very silly personality—in reply to him and to Mr. Weguelin. These two yachtsmen had no doubt been outspoken, and Mr. Baden Powell had certainly laid himself open to criticism; but there was nothing to call forth or justify a display of puerile impertinence. Not a little of the correspondence is no more worth notice than the letters of angry school-boys would be; but amid much nonsense there was some sense, and certain of the letters are worthy of the attention of all who are interested in yachting. Moreover, the controversy elicited from the writer who in the columns of the *Field* brings so much knowledge and experience to bear on all subjects connected with yachting, an article in which the merits of the yawl were admirably summed up, and in which a fact was mentioned which should certainly be well weighed both by yacht-builders and by yacht-owners.

In that article the writer points out that in lightness of spars a yawl clearly has marked advantages over a cutter. The yawl's mainmast is lighter, her rigging is lighter, and her bowsprit is shorter. What is gained in this way will more than counterbalance the additional weight of the mizen, and this reduction of spars and weights is of course in favour of the yawl, while her mainsail, being smaller than that of the cutter, can be more easily handled. It is to be observed that the writer speaks of the bowsprit of a yawl being shorter than that of a cutter, whereas Mr. Baden Powell and Mr. Weguelin had said that a long bowsprit was one of the disadvantages of the yawl rig. Here, however, they were in error. The author of the article in the *Field*, by comparing the length of bowsprit of some well-known yachts, shows that yawls have 20 per cent. less bowsprit than cutters. The fact cannot be disputed, though it may certainly seem at first sight somewhat surprising. It might be supposed that in sailing on a wind the pressure of a sail so far aft as the mizen would require to be balanced by a large jib, and that therefore a long bowsprit would be necessary. Nevertheless, yawls have undoubtedly short bowsprits. This seems, at first sight, a striking anomaly; but the reason for it, which is of course known to many sailors, and is very clearly stated in the article in question, is simple enough. It is that the mizen is found to produce no effect whatever on a vessel just at the time when it might be expected to produce most. When a yawl is close-hauled the eddies from the great mainsail so disturb the currents of air before they reach the mizen that

it is of no avail, and aids the vessel no more than if it were furled. A mizen, therefore, does no harm by making much headsail necessary, because in beating to windward it does nothing at all. Off the wind it is of some small use, and does something to compensate for the reduced mainsail of the yawl as against the cutter. But how much does it do? Probably very little. A pertinent and striking fact brought forward by the writer in the *Field* seems to show that scarcely anything is lost by dispensing altogether with the hideous little sail. From what he states it appears that in 1875 the well-known yacht *Oimara* was rigged as a yawl to cruise in the Mediterranean. When leaving the Clyde she lost her mizen. She went to the Mediterranean without it, cruised there for a long time, and for two seasons afterwards cruised in English waters with no mizen and with her yawl's mainsail only. Her captain stated that he never, in any weather he encountered, felt the want of it, and during so considerable a time he must have had the best possible opportunities of judging. Now, if any cutter could be advantageously changed into a yawl, it might be thought that it would be this huge craft of 165 tons; but what happened seemed clearly to show that it was not essential to make a yawl even of her, that the advantages of that rig could be gained by reducing the main boom and bowsprit, and that the weight of the mizenmast and rigging might be got rid of. Surely this pregnant fact should receive the notice of yachtsmen. It seems not improbable that a cutter, with her boom shorter than those of cutters usually are, but not quite so short as the boom of a yawl, would have all the advantages belonging to vessels of the latter class, and would at the same time retain some of the marked superiority in sailing which cutters have over yawls. Mr. Weguelin's advice to yacht-owners to cut something off the booms and bowsprits of their craft, but not to convert them into "unsightly nondescripts," is singularly confirmed by what is narrated in the article in the *Field*.

In one of the letters which have appeared since the publication of that article it has been said that some of the best and most seaworthy fishing-boats are ketch-rigged, and therefore resemble yawls. No doubt there are a good many large fishing-vessels of this rig; but it cannot be rightly spoken of as closely resembling that of a yawl, the proportions of the sails being very different. It must be remembered, too, that some of the qualities which a yachtsman most desires in his craft are those which a fisherman cares for least. Much more apposite than the example of the fishing-ketches is that of the pilot-boats, which, as need hardly be said, are generally rigged as cutters, except when they are of considerable size. These vessels have to be quick, very handy, and to keep the sea in all weathers. The fact that the cutter rig is chosen for them shows the conclusion come to by the most skilful and experienced seamen in the Channel. To the prettiness of the rig they probably do not pay much attention; but it is, or ought to be, appreciated by the yachtsman. How inferior in appearance the yawl rig is need hardly be said. Save and except that of the ketch, just mentioned, it is the ugliest to be seen on the waters.

Perhaps, then, seeing how marked are the advantages of cutters, and how slight are those of yawls, there may be a reaction against the liking for the latter which has prevailed for some time past, and the "national rig," which has to some extent been supplanted by that of the yawl, may again become as popular as of old. Probably yachtsmen will enjoy their favourite pursuit the more if they get over the dread which some of them seem to have felt of late for the kind of vessel which has for so long been the delight of English sailors. Of course it must be understood that, in comparing yawls and cutters, we are speaking of vessels which do not exceed one hundred tons. The *Oimara* and the ill-fated *Condor* have not been imitated, and it seems to be generally agreed that cutters of the type now built should not exceed one hundred tons at the outside, as, if they were built larger, their booms could not be handled except by such a crew as few yacht-owners would care to ship. For vessels of from one hundred to one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy tons it is often said that the yawl rig should be adopted, being on the whole better for craft of this size than the schooner rig; but on this question we have no desire to enter. Our object in this article has merely been to show from a brief notice of the recent controversy that there is good reason to doubt whether yachtsmen are wise in preferring, as they now so often do, yawls to cutters.

THE DURHAM COAL-FIELD.

THE district which is the theatre of the present lamentable strike of miners forms part of the greatest coal-field in the United Kingdom. Coal is not only the foundation of the prosperity of Durham, Northumberland, and North Yorkshire; it is also indispensable to the industries of those counties. While it is itself the subject of a vast trade, giving employment to an immense fleet, and constituting a large proportion of the traffic of one of the most important of our railways, it also is essential to the North of England iron trade and to the shipbuilding industry on the Tyne. The construction of railways has no doubt enabled counties nearer London to compete successfully with this great coal-field, and the development of the mining industry of South Wales has likewise deprived it of some of its importance. Still the Northern district holds the foremost place in the United Kingdom as re-

spects the production of coal. Unfortunately it is not possible to separate under every head the statistics of Durham from those of Northumberland, and thus accurately to determine the place which the former county holds as a coal-producer. This may, however, be completely done as regards some particulars, and it can be done in all cases with a sufficient approach to the truth to enable the reader to judge of the importance of the interests at stake in the pending conflict. In 1877 the total production of coal in the United Kingdom somewhat exceeded 134 million tons, of which Durham alone yielded 26 million in round numbers, or nearly 19½ per cent.; that is to say, almost one-fifth of the total. But the largeness of this proportion does not represent the full relative value of the produce, because the quality of the coal in this district is superior to what it is elsewhere. For domestic use, for example, all the world is acquainted with the reputation of Wallsend coal, and for gas-making and manufacturing purposes also the produce of the North of England stands high. Much of the coal raised elsewhere, on the contrary, is of comparatively poor quality. Apart, therefore, from all consideration of the industries dependent for their continuance upon the supply from these mines, and apart also from the question of accessibility, the importance of the Durham coal-field will be seen; and we may form some idea of the effect that must be exercised upon the national well-being by a struggle which suspends working for weeks together in the larger number of the mines. It is significant of the glut which has long existed that the stoppage has hitherto affected prices so slightly. Probably both parties were predisposed to quarrel, or at least were rendered less anxious than they otherwise would have been to avoid an open rupture, by the desire to reduce the stocks that had accumulated at the pits' mouths and in the hands of the dealers. They probably forgot to take into account that ironmasters and others were situated like themselves, and were just as ready to avail themselves of an excuse to stop producing.

During the past twenty years the number of men employed in Durham and Northumberland—which two counties, as regards these statistics, cannot be separated—has just doubled, having risen from 53,500 in 1861 to 107,000 in 1876. Of this number it is estimated that from 75,000 to 80,000 are employed in Durham alone, the total for the United Kingdom being in round figures half a million. Thus about 16 per cent. of the miners of the United Kingdom are employed in the county of Durham. The Employers' Association does not include all the colliery owners in the county, several of them having kept aloof from the dispute altogether, while others have lately agreed to refer the difference between them and their workpeople to open arbitration. When, however, allowance is made on these grounds, it still is estimated that from 40,000 to 50,000 men are on strike, or, say roughly, more than half the total employed in the county. Taking 45,000 as a mean, and assuming that each man has two other persons dependent on him, it would follow that 135,000 men, women, and children are involved in the strike. The average rate of wages, according to a statement made by the miners themselves at the time of the last arbitration two years ago, has been a fraction over five shillings a day. At this rate the loss of wages exceeds 11,000*l.* a day. In these figures we of course take no account of the loss caused to other trades thrown out of work by the want of coal. Neither, on the other hand, do we make any deduction for short time, absences from work, and so on. Of course the sum we have stated would not be earned unless the 45,000 men received every day the full average wage. It is certain, however, that whatever deductions ought properly to be made on this score are more than set off by the losses occasioned by the enforced idleness of sailors, ironworkers, and others. It is no part of our present object to discuss the merits of the dispute, or to apportion blame between the coal-owners and the miners. But we may mention as a fact that the wages of Durham miners are exceeded only by those paid in Northumberland and South Yorkshire. The miners of every other part of the United Kingdom are worse paid. This, we need hardly say, does not affect the merits of the case, for the remuneration of labour in Durham cannot be determined by the rates prevailing elsewhere. We do not, however, cite the fact in order to influence opinion in regard to the present dispute, but simply to bring out more clearly the position of Durham among the coal-fields of the United Kingdom. In regard to production we have seen that it yields very nearly one-fifth of the total output; in regard to employment, that it gives occupation to not far short of one-sixth of the total number of miners; and, in regard to wages, that it ranks third in the remuneration it affords to labour.

Of the 26 million tons of coal raised annually in the county, about 14½ per cent. consists of house coals, about 22½ per cent. of gas coals, a little over 27 per cent. is used in manufactures, and about 36 per cent. is made into coke. Thus, above 63 per cent., or nearly two-thirds of the whole, is used up in industry, and very little more than one-third is required for gas and for domestic purposes. These figures explain why it is that the general depression of trade has fallen so heavily upon the district. Whatever may be the state of trade, house coal may be expected to be in demand. Distress must be general and sharp indeed before the majority of people deny themselves fuel. So, again, our streets and our houses must be lighted, whether business is good or bad. But the slightest slackness in manufactures is felt by those who supply coal for manufacturing purposes. Accordingly the price has fallen at the pit's mouth to 4*s.* 7*d.* per ton. This point is not quite unprecedented, though extremely low; but it is

alleged by the coal-owners that the Mines' Regulation Act with other recent legislation has so increased the cost of production that the price at the existing rate of wages is no longer profitable. This, however, is by the way. What we would bring out is that something like two-thirds of the output of the county is for consumption in industry; and that, industry being depressed, the price of coal has necessarily fallen. Of the total 30½ million tons raised in Durham and Northumberland we find that very little over six million tons are exported. We have here an illustration of a fact ignored or overlooked by the advocates of reciprocity, which, however, it is very important clearly to realize—namely, the much greater importance of the home than of the foreign trade. Foreigners buy less than one-fifth of all the coal raised in the two counties of Northumberland and Durham; for the disposal of the remaining four-fifths the producers are dependent upon the home market. We further find that 4,848,000 tons are shipped coastwise. The greater part of this, we presume, comes to London; so that it would seem London alone takes nearly one-sixth of the output, while foreign countries take only one-fifth. Of the remainder, a little over 9½ million tons are carried and consumed by local railways; somewhat over 2½ million tons are carried inland out of the district; 3½ million are consumed by ironworks; 1½ million by collieries; and 2½ million by local manufactures. Thus the quantity shipped coastwise and carried inland out of the district is very nearly 7½ million tons, against a little more than 6 millions exported; while local railways carry and consume more than fifty per cent. over the quantity exported. Lastly, ironworks, collieries, and local manufactures consume 7½ tons, or twenty-five per cent. more than is exported. In short, the district itself, including its railways, ironworks, collieries, and manufactures, consumes 17 million tons, against 13½ million tons exported, shipped coastwise, and carried inland. We thus see that, just as the home market is more important than the foreign, the local market is more important than the outlying home market.

But although, in comparison with the home market, the foreign may be unimportant, there is another aspect of the matter which must not be lost sight of. The carrying of coal not only gives employment to a vast fleet, but it also affords the means of conducting several trades which otherwise could not be continued on existing terms. A vessel, for example, brings jute to Dundee, or corn to Leith, and it takes on the return voyage a cargo of coal from the Tyne. It thus earns a freight both ways; and of course is able to charge lower rates than if it had to depend upon what it made on the jute or the corn alone. It is said that more than two-thirds of the steamers plying from the Tyne are already laid up in consequence of the miners' strike; and in the Wear, of course, a similar state of things exists. The crews are thus thrown out of employment, and with them also the labourers who got a livelihood in loading the vessels. The tradespeople who supplied the ships, and those also with whom the sailors and labourers dealt, have lost custom, and, in their turn, are less able than usual to give employment. A large number of the ironworks, likewise, are closed for want of coal, which extends the evil still further. But it would be hopeless to attempt to trace the influence of the strike through all its ramifications. Our object has been simply to furnish our readers with the means of estimating the relative importance of the Durham coal-field; and this is, we think, sufficiently shown by the statistics which we have laid before them.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—No. II.

WE made mention last week of Mr. Poynter's large picture of "Nausicaa and her Maidens Playing at Ball," which hangs in the fourth gallery of the Royal Academy. This is, we regret to say, a decidedly disappointing work. It is wanting in beauty of design and colour; the drawing is not satisfactory; and there is little semblance of life in a picture which ought to be full of motion. Neither the figures nor the landscape have any attraction or reality; the figures, especially of the woman in the left foreground and the child running, are singularly ungraceful. It is matter for regret that a painter of such talent should have employed a large canvas to do it so little justice. We cannot think that the performance has any claim to the praise which in some quarters it has received. On the other hand, it may be doubted if Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of "Elijah in the Wilderness" has received as much commendation as it merits. It may be that people have grown so accustomed to see large subjects painted with a rough surface that when they see a noble conception carried out with that wonderful smoothness which distinguishes the treatment of the President they jump at once to the conclusion that the work must be weak. It may be, also, that the introduction of a winged angel as a principal figure in a modern picture is not in accord with the notions of people who will be full of admiration for such figures in the works of the old masters. However this may be, it seems to us that the President's work is full of fine qualities. It is hardly necessary to say that the drawing is admirable. The colour in the case of Elijah's figure could hardly have been made pleasant; and people are accustomed to look for beauty of colour in all the President's work, which may possibly account for some disappointment. But in the rest of the picture there is plenty of beautiful colour, and it seems to us a work worthy of the subject and of the painter.

The Exhibition is strong in landscapes and portraits. Mr. Millais's picture in the second gallery (150), having for its title the quotation "The tower of strength which stood Four-square to all the winds which blew," is hardly of the excellence which might have been hoped for. The castle has little appearance of the strength implied by the quotation, and the general effect is wanting in the force and truth which Mr. Millais's landscapes, whatever their faults may have been, have generally possessed. Nor can one feel in the least degree satisfied with the same painter's "Portrait of a Lady" (274) in the large gallery. The work is most unpleasantly chalky in appearance, and seems both careless and unfinished. As if to make up for this, the painter has, on the other side of the room, a portrait of Mr. Gladstone (214) the excellence of which he has perhaps never surpassed. Mr. Millais has in this picture given, with rare skill and strength, a strikingly real representation of a head of which he has caught all the fine characteristics. The work is one which may be taken to more than outweigh Mr. Millais's shortcomings in other directions. Mr. Oules's portrait in the same gallery of Mr. Bright (183) is far from being one of the painter's happiest efforts. The colour is unnatural and disagreeable, and the character of the head seems to have been strangely missed or neglected. Mr. Pettie has in the seventh gallery two fine and striking portraits (609, 614), to which he has, according to his custom, given something of a mediæval air by skilful arrangement of costume. Mr. Watts has several fine portraits, the best and most striking of which is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay (288), in the large gallery, painted and drawn in the most masterly way. Mr. Watts, when at his best, as in this case, is unrivalled as a painter of portraits which are also, in the best sense of the word, pictures. Among the portrait-work of younger painters we may for the present refer to that of the Rev. Thomas Stevens (296), by Mr. Gregory, and that of Mr. Venables (26), by Mr. John Collier. Mr. Gregory's work is striking, and evidently true to life. Perhaps he has somewhat exaggerated the laying or dashing on of paint which has of late found so much favour with many of our younger painters, who have possibly been carried too far by a reaction in itself desirable. The characteristics of the portrait are so strongly marked that comparatively little more in this direction would make it seem like a caricature. As it is, it is a work of much excellence; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Gregory will know where to stop in his desire to give force to his work. Mr. Collier has avoided this danger in his portrait of Mr. Venables, which is, however, painted with plenty of strength, and is full of character and truth. This is, to our thinking, the most completely satisfactory portrait which Mr. Collier has yet produced; or perhaps, we should rather say, the one which gives the fullest evidence of his power. Some other portraits which he exhibits this year are aided more or less—as was the one by which he first made his mark—by their surroundings. This one relies upon nothing but the excellent painting of the face and figure of his subject, and is yet more striking as an instance of his power of catching and rendering character than any work of his that we have seen.

Leaving portraits for a while for landscape, we may call attention to Mr. Vicat Cole's very pleasant and attractive picture in the first room, "Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies" (4), which represents a sheet of water, apparently of considerable extent, under the conditions suggested by the lines from Hood appended to it in the Catalogue. Here Mr. Cole proves that he can treat a water-scene with as much dexterity and charming effect as he can the more familiar scenes of harvest-time, of which he has a good example in a further room. In the same gallery Mr. Hunt has a picture of "Norwegian Midnight" (11). Mr. Hunt may probably have seen some such effect as he here represents, but his representation of it cannot be called pleasant; and it may be doubted whether the effect of a Norwegian midnight is to give precisely the same value to all the clouds, far or near, seen in the picture. Mr. Ernest Parton's landscape, "The Waning of the Year" (21), has been bought by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantry bequest; and, in this instance at least, no one will quarrel with their choice. The picture is full of fine and tender feeling, and the painting of the sky and water is admirable. Mr. Macallum's "A Water Frolic" (32) is very bright and clever; and Mr. Henry Moore shows "By Stress of Weather Driven" (75), a sea-piece of much merit, to which it may perhaps be objected that the colour is too uniform throughout in its coldness. As to figure pictures in this room, we have already called attention to Mr. Fildes's finely tragic "The Return of a Penitent" (63). Mr. Seymour Lucas has a picture of "The Gordon Riots" (25), with an extract from the *Annual Register*, describing the kind of scene which he has chosen—a mad mob fired on by soldiers. The picture is not very pleasant in colour, but it is well drawn and composed, and is full of action. Mr. Storey's "Orphans" (80) is a very careful and pretty work; the bit of lawn seen through an open door and hall is particularly well executed; but the picture can hardly be said to tell its own story adequately.

In the second gallery Mr. Keeley Halswelle has a fine picture, hung so that it is not easy to appreciate it, of peasants, men, women, and children, "Waiting for the Blessing of Pius IX. at St. John Lateran, Rome, 1869." The composition is excellent, the figures have a natural air, and stand out well against the bright, clear atmosphere. In this room hangs Mr. Henry Moore's "Calming Down" (116), a singularly true and striking study of cloud and sea effect. Special praise may also be given to the vigour and truth of Mr. Murray's "Wrack-gathering

in the Hebrides" (135), and Mr. Wyllie's "Loading Sand in Langston Harbour" (138). The President shows two charming studies, "Biondina" (119), and "Catarina" (128). Mr. Perugini has a cleverly painted picture of a maid carrying a basket of "Lavender" (97), and Mr. Hindley sends a half-length of a young cavalier (99), well painted and full of the character indicated by the lines, "If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be?" Here also is Mr. Long's "Esther" (802), already referred to, which is with irritating carefulness hung far away from the "Vashti" (955), which should be its pendant. Both pictures have the merits which are associated with Mr. Long's name; but in both there is perhaps a want of the vigour and life which the subjects seem to call for. To these, however, we may return after a due course of making our way from one to the other for purposes of comparison, and meanwhile we may congratulate Mr. Long on his admirable and touching portrait of the late Mrs. Brown (562), which hangs in the eighth gallery. Returning thence to the second gallery, we may call special attention to two portraits (149 and 156), by M. Bastien-Lepage. The crowning possession, however, of this gallery is, to our thinking, Mr. Alma-Tadema's "A Hearty Welcome" (165). It is difficult to convey in words any sense of the beauty of light, depth, and colour which belongs to this picture, which is moreover, it is hardly necessary to say, marked by the knowledge and power of drawing which is a special attribute of the painter.

Among the landscapes at the Grosvenor Gallery Mr. Mark Fisher's "Pevensey Castle" (173) is very remarkable for its strength, truth, and beauty. The work more than fulfils the promise which Mr. Fisher had already given, and augurs extremely well for his future career. Mr. Lawson's contributions are disappointing. A contemporary who calls this painter Mr. Cecil in the same paragraph which makes an audacious display of ignorance in speaking of "a foreign artist named Munthe"—one might just as well speak of "an English artist named Brett"—has said that he "promises at present to become the greatest of our landscape-painters." Something faintly approaching this excessive praise might some time ago have been said with truth. Unfortunately Mr. Lawson seems to have been carried away by success. He shows at the Grosvenor one important picture (19), which has been exhibited more than once before, and a tenderly-felt small piece called "Twixt Sun and Moon" (18). The rest of his work at both exhibitions consists chiefly of extravagant imitations of the most hopelessly confused work of Turner, who had excuses which Mr. Lawson has not. Mr. O'Connor's "Patio los Cypresses—Alhambra" (132) is a strikingly bright and pleasant bit of Spanish landscape; and Mrs. Gosse's little pictures, which hang near this (118 and 123), have much attractiveness and truth. Mr. P. R. Morris has, among other things, a striking picture, full of life and energy, called "Shipbuilding" (43). Mr. Herkomer's large picture, "Life, Light, and Melody" (24), is a singular *tour de force*, exhibiting in water-colours all the strength and brightness of oil painting. Considered, if it can be considered, apart from its skill in this matter, the picture does not strike us as possessing such high qualities as Mr. Herkomer's former work has had. Mr. Boughton has a charming landscape called "The Widow's Acre" (51). Mr. Hennessy's "Waiting for the Boats"—taken near Trouville—is a picture which is most pleasant to look at, and has much truth, breadth, and carefulness.

THE OPERAS.

AFTER making all due allowance for the excess of promise over performance generally to be found on comparing the results of an opera season with the prospectuses of the managers of our opera houses, we still may hope that the season of 1879 will be an interesting one. To begin with the first issued prospectus, that from the manager of Covent Garden, we find the names of two sopranos, three contraltos, three tenors, and four baritones and basses new to England. As against this new blood we have to set the sad fact that Mme. Albani's name does not appear at all. It is, indeed, unfortunate that, in Mr. Gye's first season of his difficult task, he should be deprived of the support of her great and increasing popularity, and it is a great blow to all real lovers of music to find that, for this season at all events, they will not be able to enjoy her almost perfect performances in Wagner's great operas *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. Of new works and revivals we are promised at least two of the following operas:—Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* (*Il Rè de Lahore*); Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*; the Marquis d'Ivry's *Les amants de Vérone*, and Paladilhe's *Suzanne*. Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs* has not been heard in England for so long that it will be quite new to the majority of opera-goers, with the exception of the overture, which is a favourite concert-piece with the orchestras of foreign watering-places. As this opera had much success in this country when it was last heard here, it will probably be one of those produced. Mr. Mapleson's prospectus is even more ambitious; he promises eight artists new to England, and still retains the principal members of last year's company, including Madame Gerster. And also he gives the welcome news that Madame Nilsson who has been missed from the London operatic stage for two years, is re-engaged. For many reasons we look forward with interest and anxiety to her first appearances. As at the other house, we are promised a revival of an almost forgotten opera, Rossini's melodious *Gazza Ladra*, which enjoyed great popularity here at about

the same time that the *Pré aux Clercs* was familiar to the English public. Mr. Mapleson also proposes to give Signor Verdi's *Aida*, the same composer's *Forza del Destino*, and Wagner's *Rienzi*. Gluck's *Armida* is also promised; and we hope, in the interests of musical art, that this promise may be fulfilled, as, apart from the great beauty of Gluck's music, his operatic and melodic forms are of high interest in the study of the development of dramatic musical ideas. He, like Wagner, rebelled against the tyranny of existing forms, and strove to breathe a more dramatic spirit into opera. We are pleased to see that at neither house are six nights a week advertised; we have too often insisted on the disadvantages of the policy of giving so many performances in the week to make it necessary for us to do more than notice this improvement.

As is generally the case, Covent Garden opened this year some weeks before Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Gye has been bringing out his new artists in rapid succession. The first performance we propose to consider is that of *Faust*, with Mlle. Turolla as Margherita and Signor Vidal as Mephistopheles. Mlle. Turolla on this occasion sang for the first time before an English audience, and therefore much must be allowed for natural nervousness; but, in spite of this, she impressed the audience very favourably, and made an undoubted success. Her voice, though a genuine soprano in register, has much of the soundness and softness of the contralto quality, and is throughout of a very agreeable character. She is, we believe, still very young, and may have a distinguished career before her; but, before she can realize the promise which she shows, she has much to learn both as a singer and as an actress. If we find much fault with her performance, and criticize it rather severely, it is because there is so much promise that it is worth while to indicate those points which at present prevent us from accepting Mlle. Turolla as a finished artist. As yet, though not without dramatic feeling, she is too unpractised and too unaccustomed to the stage to be able to produce much effect by her acting. As a singer we find that there is a want of certainty in her method of producing her voice which gives the false impression that it is not of uniform quality. Her vocalization, also, is as yet far from perfect, as was very perceptible in the jewel song; both her shakes and scale passages being far from clear and well articulated, in spite of the time being unusually slow. Her conception, or, at all events, her performance of the character, showed no individuality, and we must protest against the tendency to false seeking after effect shown by her attempting to sing Margherita's answer to Faust at their first meeting "with expression," making a long pause on the word *non*. To our taste the more quietly and coldly this phrase is sung the better is its effect, and the more it prepares the way for the dawning of passion at the beginning of the next act, and its climax towards the end of the garden scene. Mlle. Turolla's greatest artistic success was undoubtedly in the expression of simple tenderness, the best example, perhaps, being her good delivery of the passage commencing "Al campo è il fratel." She also displayed power and feeling in the grand music of the last act. We purposely refrain from any attempt at criticizing her performance in the third act in detail, as even a practised artist would have had difficulty in getting much effect from the music, or opportunities for dramatic action, if she had had the misfortune to be associated with such a Faust as M. Capoul. Every good quality which the singer once possessed seemed to have left him, whilst every exaggerated trick of voice and gesture had grown upon him tenfold. M. Vidal's Mephistopheles is worthy of careful criticism. He has a fine voice, which unfortunately has not enough of the lower register to enable him to sing bass parts with ease, whilst its quality is too markedly bass to make it effective in parts written for a baritone. M. Vidal sings well, though he cannot disguise the fact that he is afflicted with the almost universal tremolo. As to his conception of the character, we think that, whilst striving after originality, he has lost sight of the Mephistopheles indicated by the music. He represents the character as a mischievous fiend, who takes an almost boyish delight in the success of his machinations. During his scenes with Martha in the third act this view of the character is effective and admissible. Throughout these scenes, whenever Martha is not looking at him he is openly laughing, and he changes his manner to one of grave and dignified courtesy whenever he turns to address her. But we venture to think that it is a mistake for Mephistopheles to be fairly doubled up with gleeful laughter when at the end of the third act Faust rushes into Margherita's arms. The action, to us, was more suggestive of the glee of a schoolboy who, after long waiting, had seen a companion caught in his "booby trap," than of the delight of even a "mocking fiend" over the first step towards the loss of a human soul. Another point struck us as strained and illogical, even beyond poetic license; we refer to M. Vidal's exhibition of terror and pain when Valentine first touches the consecrated medallion before the duel scene, and again when Margherita begins to pray in the last act. Our view is that the Mephistopheles of the opera can at all times bear the presence of sacred relics, and can even hear prayer without losing his power (how else account for his triumphant demeanour in the cathedral scene?), but that when the heavenly powers are directly invoked to help mortals against his evil plots, as in the second act, he must then give way. Though we take exception to these points in the conception of the character, we may acknowledge that the part was well performed according to that conception. M. Vidal sang the *Dio dell' Or*, the serenade, and the incantation in the garden scene admirably, and sang carefully and steadily in the concerted music.

Perhaps there could be no better proof that there was something wanting in the performance of the principal characters than the enthusiasm which Mme. Scalchi raised by her singing of Siebel's two songs. She was not in particularly good voice; but here, at all events, was good thorough singing, a grand broad style, and good vocalization.

To the band and chorus we can give the highest praise. The orchestra is magnificent; the harshness of tone and want of delicacy which we have so often noticed of late years has gone, and the attack is admirable. The choruses are good in time, tune, attack, and quality. The stage grouping is on the whole much improved. The music-hall ballet transformation at the end of the first act of *Faust* is unfortunately still retained; and although no carpenter's trestles or planks were discovered, we were surprised early in the act by the trembling and embarrassed appearance of a basket of flowers which slowly made its way on to Faust's table, and by a general agree-like quivering of the walls and furniture of the laboratory, which set in some few minutes before Faust drank the elixir.

Signor Vidal has also appeared as Bertramo in *Robert le Diable*. The music of this part is even more trying to his voice than that of Mephistopheles. He, however, sang it well and steadily. As an actor, he again showed that he was accustomed to the stage; but, like most Bertramos, he appeared to have given up any attempt at acting the part as hopeless. The Roberto was Signor Sylva—a new tenor. He has a good, powerful voice, which has more of the baritone than the tenor quality; is a good and practised singer; and, though showing in this part no signs of true dramatic power, is accustomed to the stage, and able to move easily. In the present scarcity of good tenors he may be a welcome addition to the ranks of London artists; but we fear that his best days are over. We can only regret that we had not an opportunity of hearing him some years ago, whilst his natural advantages were fresher than they are now. However, such good singing as Signor Sylva's must always find admirers amongst real lovers of art. Mme. Cepeda was the Alice; she again showed that she is a practised operatic artist of no mean merit. She, however, frequently sang painfully out of tune—we believe she was suffering from cold, which may perhaps account for it, and we hope that this may be the reason, for even her many good qualities will not atone for this fault if it should unfortunately grow upon her. Another offender in this way was Mme. Smeroschi, who sang the part of Isabella, and who without exaggeration hardly sang one bar throughout the evening without at least one false note. Another new singer, Signor Corsi, sang the small part of Rimbaldo; his excellent voice, good singing, and clever unobtrusive acting gained him much applause. We hope that we may have an opportunity of judging of his merits in some more important part before the season closes.

La Traviata was chosen by Mme. Heilbron for her reappearance after an absence of five years from this country. She has a pleasant voice and sings well, whilst she has a command of stage methods unusual both in its perfection and variety amongst operatic singers, and all these means are used to carry out the intentions of a true dramatic artist. We shall reserve the pleasure of giving an analysis of her many merits until we have had an opportunity of seeing her in some more sympathetic character than that of Violetta. The Alfredo was M. Capoul; we cannot say that it was a good performance, but it was certainly less faulty than his Faust.

Les Huguenots has been performed at Covent Garden, with M. Vidal as Marcel and Mlle. Schou as Marguerite de Valois. M. Vidal's performance confirms us in the impression that he is a good dramatic singer, with more than ordinary ability as an actor. In this part, however, as in the others in which we have heard him, his want of lower register tells against his success. Mlle. Schou has a high, clear soprano voice of rather shrill and piercing timbre, and has some power as a bravura singer; but her vocalization must be more finished before we can accept her as fit to sing this part in our great opera-houses. With study and care, she may reach the high standard which English audiences expect, as in many passages she sang difficult music extremely well; but her vocalization is unequal, and even in a shake on one and the same note its clearness and sharpness of articulation vary greatly. Marguerite de Valois is one of the many operatic parts which by tradition are hardly ever acted at all, so that we are unable to form any opinion of Mlle. Schou's abilities as an actress. The rest of the cast was the same as towards the end of last season. We need only add that Signor Gayarré (Raoul) was in magnificent voice, and on the whole displayed less exaggeration than usual.

Mr. Mapleson has been unfortunate in being compelled to postpone the appearances of Mme. Gerster and Mme. Nilsson. Notice of operas produced at his theatre we reserve for a future article.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THE present racing season opened but tamely, and, with one or two exceptions, the races at the late Newmarket Meeting were dull and uninteresting. Yet at the First Spring Meeting matters in one important respect mended a little; if the winds were cold it was tolerably dry overhead; there was some sunshine, and the cowslips and violets on the heath gave promise of real spring at

last; the course was in excellent order, and there was nothing of the epidemic which rendered so many horses unfit to leave their stables a year ago. The severity and length of the winter, however, had interfered with training operations, and many horses which started for races last week were remarkably backward in their condition. The attendance, especially on the Wednesday, was very good. More people, in fact, turned up than had been provided for, and at one of the hotels of the town we counted thirty-five persons at luncheon in one room, attended by only two waiters and with little but bones to feed upon.

Lord Falmouth won the first race with Ringleader, who walked over, after a dead heat with Radiance. Odds had been laid upon the Highland Lassie colt, who made the running until half-way down the Bushes Hill, when he fell back beaten in company with Prologue, and Ringleader and Radiance raced in together. Pardon won the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Stakes in an easy canter, and after the race he was sold for one thousand and fifty guineas. There can be no doubt that he is a very valuable racehorse, although his career on the turf cannot be a very long one, as he is now six years old. The largest field of the first day was for a two-year-old selling plate. Fifteen came to the post, and, considering the trouble often experienced in starting so many youngsters, they were sent off with wonderfully little delay. A well-bred filly named Dreamland, by Doncaster out of Fairy Footstep, ridden by Constable, made the running from end to end, and finally won in a canter by three lengths. When she was put up for sale after the race nobody would bid more than 500*l.*, the price for which the winner was to be sold. She had previously shown tremendous speed at Epsom, but on that occasion she had fairly galloped herself to a standstill. In the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Phénix, under the heavy weight of 8 st. 8 lbs., had no difficulty in beating Hydromel and Episcopus. He was giving Hydromel, who is also a four-year-old, 21 lbs., and he won so easily that he must be considered one of the fastest horses in training over a mile, until anything happens to prove the contrary. Squirrel, a light active three-year-old by Favonius, which did not run as a two-year-old, won a race both on Tuesday and on Wednesday, the first over a mile, and the second over a mile and a half. In his Wednesday's race he had a hard fight with Iron Duke, and barely won by a head after a severe contest. The racing on the second day was very uninteresting, with the exception of the Two Thousand, which we noticed last week, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes. The latter race is over the Cesarewitch course of two miles and a quarter; and, if the pace is at all good, the winner must not only be a stayer, but must also be very forward in condition. Lord Clive went to the post, and, on public running, there was every reason to suppose that he would win; but he was scarcely in sufficient training, and, after the running had been made at a good pace as far as the T.Y.C. post, he was a little tired; and Inval, who was in racing condition, was enabled to win by as much as five lengths. Inval has very often been beaten, having lost nine out of fourteen races last year; but some of his running has been very good, and in the Grand Prix de Paris last year he was only a neck behind Thurio, and but a head behind Insulaire. He likes a long distance; and, as Lord Clive was not quite fit, too much must not be made of the defeat of the last-named horse.

Thursday's racing was particularly uninteresting, but there were several close finishes, three of the seven races being won by a head only. Westbourne, who started for the Two Thousand at 200 to 1, beat Thornfield in the Burwell Handicap. He has some good points and considerable power; but he has a long flat back, and is not by any means a horse of high class. Before the races there was a sale of the Duke of Hamilton's horses. Sutler, Leghorn, and Midlothian were sold respectively for 1,150, 1,100, and 1,000 guineas; and Lollypop and Greenback were bought in for 4,000 and 1,000 guineas. We must not dismiss the subject of Thursday's racing without noticing the victory of Pappoose—an own sister to Parole—in the First Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes. She had a hard struggle with Khabara, and only beat her by a short head. Khabara had been placed both at Lincoln and at Northampton; and, as Pappoose was not as well as usual, it was thought that Khabara ought to win, but this expectation was disappointed, to the serious loss of many gamblers.

A few weeks ago it had seemed probable that the One Thousand Guineas would be an absolute certainty for Wheel of Fortune, and little or no interest was consequently taken in the race. Circumstances however occurred which quite changed its character. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Charibert had been so great a favourite for the Column Produce Stakes that 7 to 1 had been laid upon him. To the great surprise and chagrin of his supporters, a filly by Prince Charlie, named Reconciliation, beat him by three quarters of a length, and consequently Charibert was stigmatized as a cur, a roarer, and everything which a horse ought not to be. It never seemed to occur to any one as possible that Reconciliation might be excessively good rather than that Charibert should be excessively bad, until the latter horse won the Two Thousand, when people began to argue that Reconciliation must be a second Blink Bonny. The majority of backers, however, preferred to trust to Wheel of Fortune, upon whom, at the start, slight odds were laid, while 3 to 1 was laid against Reconciliation. Nothing else in the race was much fancied, and 25 or 33 to 1 was offered against each of the other starters. Eight fillies arrived at the post with praiseworthy punctuality, and no time was lost in starting them. As they galloped down the hill, the favourites lay back, but when the T.Y.C. post was reached, Reconciliation, accompanied by Abbaye, went to the front, and almost immediately afterwards Wheel of Fortune

cantered up within easy reach of them. As they neared home there seemed every probability of a race, but Reconciliation and Abbaye began to gallop in a laboured manner, while Wheel of Fortune was still going freely, and very soon the favourite was cantering away by herself past the winning-post, a winner by four lengths, Abbaye being second. Lord Falmouth has thus already won both the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas this year. Last year he won the Oaks and St. Leger, besides numbers of other races of importance. Probably no other owner of racehorses has ever had such a share of success, or won so much in stakes. People who are in the habit of betting may perhaps look upon his good luck as almost thrown away; for, large as have been the sums which he has received in stakes, his winnings might have been increased tenfold if he had backed his horses in the manner fashionable in a certain clique. Still, in a racing career of some length, it is more than possible that, even with successes like those achieved within the last few years by Lord Falmouth, the betting-book of a persistent gambler might fail to show a large credit balance. Last week alone he won more than 11,000*l.*, an extraordinary piece of good fortune for a racing man who never bets. As if to take a second revenge on Reconciliation for the imputation that she might be as good as Wheel of Fortune, Lord Falmouth beat her again late in the afternoon with Muley Edris, thereby winning 550*l.* It was currently reported that at home Charibert was superior to Muley Edris; how, therefore, could it be that Reconciliation, who had beaten Charibert in the Craven week, should now succumb to Muley Edris? Here was a curious specimen of false running. The moral of this story must be that it does not do to rush too hurriedly to conclusions adverse to the morality of an owner when his horses run, as it is termed, "in and out." We feel no delicacy in pointing to this case, because it was of course impossible that there could be any interest to a man who never bets in losing a race, and the trainer of Charibert is of unimpeachable integrity. But supposing the owner of Charibert had been a betting man, and had had, say, a thousand pounds on his horse at 25 to 1 (the price at which Charibert started for the Two Thousand) he would have been in great danger of incurring unjust censure. It is our belief that in numberless instances owners are said to have pulled their horses when they have done nothing of the kind, and in our opinion want of charity is as much a besetting sin among racing men as want of honesty.

Although Reconciliation ran badly at the end of the race for the One Thousand, she went very well for six furlongs, and it is probable that she might have been second if she had been persevered with. On the other hand, her previous race may have had its effect in making her run indifferently for the Newmarket Stakes. She is a beautiful filly, with a great deal of bone and plenty of length. Abbaye, on the contrary, is not particularly good-looking, but she has unusual muscular development for a mare. Excellently as Wheel of Fortune ran, it was by no means the invariable opinion that she was quite herself. As every spring comes round we observe that three remarks are invariably made—one that the Exhibition at the Royal Academy is the worst that has ever been known; another, that the three-year-old racehorses are an unusually poor lot; and the third that the fillies of the year are better than the colts. We therefore feel some hesitation in pronouncing the field which contested the One Thousand to have been superior to that which ran for the Two Thousand; but we may venture to say that both Wheel of Fortune and Reconciliation look like fillies of an unusually high class, and that several of the other starters were good-looking specimens of the English racehorse.

Four good races followed the One Thousand, and there were very fair fields for each. Warrior won the Welter Handicap, heading Jupiter opposite the Stand, and winning by a neck. Moonstone, with Archer as jockey, was first favourite for the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, but a filly by Onslow slipped past him as they came near home, and won the race. The race for the Newmarket Stakes we have already noticed, but we may add that it was won by a neck, Muley Edris rushing up in the last few strides, and passing the leg-weary Reconciliation. The last race of the meeting was a Two-Year-Old Stakes, for which Archer's mount was again first favourite, and again an outsider passed him at the post. Both in this case and in the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate the winner started at 10 to 1. Taken as a whole, the Newmarket First Spring Meeting was but an indifferent specimen of racing at the head-quarters of the English turf; but the Newmarket authorities might with justice point to the success of last year's meetings, and hope for better things in the future.

REVIEWS.

THE KING'S SECRET.*

OPINIONS may reasonably differ as to whether it was worth the while of the Duke de Broglie to write two such very large volumes on such a very small subject as that to which he gives the sensational title of *The King's Secret*. It has long been familiar to the writers and readers of French history that Louis XV. amused himself with instituting a mild diplomatic game consisting

in writing despatches to and receiving despatches from political agents apart from his recognized officials. The secret was not a secret at all—or, at any rate, it was a perfectly open secret—in the later times of its existence. It did no kind of good, and perhaps little harm to any one, as nothing ever came of it. It was more idle nonsense and frivolity. Louis XV. was occasionally ashamed of being so entirely in the hands of his mistresses and his Ministers as he knew himself to be, and he thought that after all he was a King, and would have a royal policy of his own. He was, however, far too much afraid of his mistresses and his Ministers to impose any wishes of his own on them, and so he worked, as he hoped, behind their backs. When the moment came for his policy to bear any fruit, his fear and his indolence combined to keep him perfectly passive. He gave up the little plot he had been weaving and began to weave another. Among the agents whom he employed for these futile purposes there was at least one man who deserved to have been used for something better. The Count de Broglie had some of the military aptitudes of his brother the Marshal, and he had a sincere desire to serve the King, and was not without a hope, which the event showed to be unreasonable, but which he appears to have entertained honestly, that the secret policy of the King might somehow turn to the glory or profit of France. The exploration of family records has enabled the Duke de Broglie to trace in detail the career of the Count, and thus to go more fully and with better evidence into the history of the King's secret policy than preceding historians have been able to go. As this secret policy—if such a high-sounding term is to be applied to the frivolous fancies and desultory intrigues of a powerless King—never came to anything, it is scarcely worth while to know rather more about it than we knew before. Such interest as the Duke's book possesses is derived from the story and character of the Count. A high opinion of his ability appears to have been formed by at least one writer who is competent to judge. But it is difficult to gather from these volumes what are the grounds on which this opinion rests. They show that the Count wrote and did many foolish things, but scarcely any things that indicated practical sense or a perception of what was possible or impossible. On the other hand, they show that he had great social charms, was virtuous in a vicious age, and incorruptible in a time of corruption. As we read his memoirs, there comes over us a sense of the melancholy fate by which a man who in better days might have made a respectable and successful exponent of a decent foreign policy was doomed to further the inane intrigues and to wince under the displeasure of such a sovereign as Louis XV. As the sad record of a wasted life, these volumes possess an attraction sufficient, partially at least, to overcome the weariness which the history of what is termed *The King's Secret* engenders.

The original connexion of the Count with the King's secret policy does not seem to have been in any way due to his own efforts. His greatness or smallness was thrust on him. In 1745 a deputation of Polish nobles had come to Paris to see whether the Prince of Conti would be a candidate for the Polish throne when the death of Augustus provided a vacancy. France was pledged to support the claims of the eldest son of the Saxon sovereign. This was the open policy of the King; but the King thought it would be amusing to have a secret policy too, and to work for the Prince of Conti. The Dauphine was the daughter of the Elector, and the opportunity of thwarting the wishes of a lady of the Royal Family lent an additional piquancy to the manoeuvre. For some time the Royal plot made little progress; but in 1752 the ambassadorship at Dresden fell vacant, and the Abbé de Broglie, who possessed at the Court the combined influence of an ecclesiastic and a man of the world, brought this influence to bear, and, in an evil hour for his fame and fortune, the Count was pushed into the place. It so happened that the De Broglie family was supposed to be specially under the protection of the Dauphine, and the selection of one of her friends to plot against her was considered eminently adroit. An autograph letter from the King told him to obey the Prince of Conti in all things, but not to let a living soul know what he was doing; while any scruples which he might have felt were removed by the promise of liberal pecuniary assistance. On his arrival in Poland he found that a treaty with Russia was being discussed. Opposition to it was offered. The leading nobility and the King determined to put down the opposition by force, and one of those pacts of federation by which the majority of the Diet leagued themselves together to coerce the minority was in the act of being signed. At the instigation of the Count, a young nobleman named Mokranowski rushed forward, seized the paper, and, appealing to the patriotism of the assembly, tore it in fragments amid general applause. This was thought a marvellous triumph for the French party, and the Count wrote to ask that Mokranowski should receive the Cross of St. Louis and be made a French general. The Minister to whom he was officially responsible wrote in reply that he did not want a French party in Poland, and that nothing could be more injudicious than to foster hopes of French assistance which would never be fulfilled. The King, of course, could not support his secret agent; for the whole basis of the secret policy was that the King should never do anything. The Count found himself not only baffled, but in great pecuniary distress. The money promised him had not been sent. He therefore in desperation turned to the Minister whom he was employed to deceive, and asked for an official grant of 100,000 francs towards his expenses. The Minister naturally refused, and the Count resigned. But the Prince of Conti was unwilling to lose his services, and after some negotiation it was

* *The King's Secret; being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents.* By the Duc de Broglie. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

ultimately arranged that the Count should continue to hold his post, express his official regret at his impetuosity, and get a secret present of 100,000 francs from the Prince of Conti. This was carried out, and the Count, having got his money, continued to hold his exalted office and to carry on the threads of his ignoble intrigue.

It must, however, be said for him that his real turn was not for ignoble intrigues, and that he had sufficient ambition to try to use his position for the furtherance of what he conceived to be the true policy for France to pursue. He did not hesitate to throw over his employer and patron, the Prince of Conti, and forget the pecuniary benefits he had received, when he thought he saw a chance of pursuing grander designs than suited the Prince. He acquired for the moment considerable influence in Saxony and Poland by a successful contest with the Czartoryskis, who were then the devoted servants of Russia. Their family claimed an estate by a very doubtful title, and the Count, by the expenditure of a judicious bribe on the Count of Brühl, got the Minister of Saxony to persuade the King to take the matter into his own hands, and put adversaries of the Czartoryskis in possession of the estate. Saxony and France were thus held to have baffled Russia, and the Count was so pleased with his work that he conceived a very grand scheme indeed. He mapped out Europe according to his fancies. Prussia was to get Hanover; Saxony, Poland, Denmark, and Turkey were to hurl back the Russian savages into their deserts and keep them there. France was to bear all its weight on Austria, and, if it did no more, at least prevent Austria from giving any assistance to Russia. The Duke de Broglie seems to think this design a very grand one indeed, and most creditable to its author. It was a death-blow to the projects of the Prince of Conti, for the succession of the Saxon line to the Crown of Poland was a necessary part of the project by which Saxony was to work with France. The Count threw the Prince over in the interests, as he supposed, of France, and if he could get the King's approval he was free to do so. That there was, however, any grandeur of thought or political sagacity in his new design is not apparent. Any one can make any plan for remodelling the map of Europe and shifting the balance of power, if only he ignores facts, and does not trouble himself about the means he has at his disposal. The Count knew nothing of what was going on in Europe, and he had no kind of control over the policy of France. He took into account neither Frederick the Great nor M^{me}. de Pompadour. He had just elaborated his plan for getting Prussia to quarrel with England and seize Hanover, when he learnt that a treaty of alliance had been signed between Prussia and England. The policy of France towards Austria depended, not on the dreamings of an ambassador at Dresden, but on the incensed or appeased vanity of the King's mistress. The Count had soon, however, an opportunity of showing his higher qualities. Frederick invaded Saxony, and demanded the incorporation of the Saxon army in his own. The Count urged the King to resist and shut himself up in Pirna, and the delay thus caused gave the Austrians time to prepare. After going back to Paris, and finding that those who had the real conduct of affairs would take no notice of him, he was directed to return to Poland, and obtained leave to pass through Vienna. There he found occasion to use his military knowledge, and was called in by the Empress to aid in designing and carrying out the operations by which Prague was relieved. This seems to have been the one occasion in his life when the Count was of real use, and he was then acting not as a diplomatist, but as a soldier. He went on to Poland, and engaged once more in the wearisome task of maintaining there a French party. Frederick broke up this party once for all at Rosbach. There was no longer any reliance in Poland on France, there was no French party, no French interest in the succession. The Count was recalled, and his futile connexion with Polish affairs was thenceforth ended.

Little interest would attach to the career of the Count if he had been merely a man of impracticable character or the creator of grand but useless designs. He attracts us because, if he was impracticable, his want of tact and management was in a great measure due to his high sense of honour and of the respect due to him and his family. After the secret Polish policy of the King came to a total and final collapse, the Count proceeded to quarrel with his bread and butter, and to deprive himself of such slight advantages as his underground connexion with royalty bestowed or promised. His brother, the Marshal, lost a battle in conjunction with the Prince of Soubise. Divided authority and uncertain co-operation produced the results that might have been expected. But the Minister to whom the folly of the arrangements was due did not wish to blame any one. He thought the less the affair was investigated the better. This was not the view of the Marshal. He thought that he was not to blame in any way, and could show that this was so. He was eager to justify himself, and asked for leave to come to Paris and see the King. The King, when he came, received him coldly. Above all things, he hated explanations and the troublesome task of doing justice. The Count prepared for his brother an elaborate memorandum, in which his cause was pleaded with the utmost cogency of logic. This the King thought unendurable. He saw before him a really formidable prospect of being seriously bored, and he determined to apply a severe, but effectual, remedy at once. He exiled both the brothers to their estate in a remote district of Normandy, and in exile they remained for more than two years. But, as the King explained to the clerk who was now the head-manager of the secret policy, the Prince of Conti having been

set aside, he had no ill will to the Count. It had been in pure self-defence that he had sent away a servant who was becoming one of the most dreadful of bores; and the clerk was directed to go on with the secret correspondence, and interchange a series of foolish and mysterious communications about nothing with the exile. At length the Count himself hit upon a happy thought. He had something to suggest that would do for the material of a secret correspondence. Peace with England was concluded in 1763, and it occurred to the Count that it would be a brilliant use of the opportunity which peace gave to begin at once to draw up a plan for invading England. This project took the King's fancy. There was mystery and grandeur about it, and it had no connexion with the real state of politics. The scheme was started; but, in starting it, the King and the Count managed to get into a serious scrape. They trusted a thoroughly unscrupulous rogue. Secret papers compromising the King fell into the hands of the Chevalier d'Eon. Thenceforth the King's secret consisted in the humble endeavour to get the King's secret out of the possession of an unprincipled adventurer. Many stormy passages took place between the adventurer and the King's representatives, the upshot being that the adventurer had the best of the combat, and for many years kept the papers and got a pension for not making use of them. At last Louis XVI. bought them back for a very large sum, and so the ghost of the King's secret was finally laid to rest.

The Count hung on year after year useless, discontented, and purposeless, but always buoyed up with the conviction that he had done great services, and with the hope that such services must be rewarded. Towards the end of the reign of Louis XV. he dreamt that the time when his services would be acknowledged was really come. The Duke de Choiseul was dismissed, and the Count pressed on his sovereign the numerous and conclusive reasons which he considered warranted him in maintaining that he and no one else must fill the vacant place. The King turned a deaf ear to his arguments, and would not even give him the Vienna Embassy, which he asked for as a *pis-aller*. When Louis XV. died, the Count sent to the King's successor a full statement of all that he had done in the way of secret service. The King told him to burn all papers, and give up secret service for the future. The Count asked and obtained that a special Commission should certify that he had only done what his sovereign had ordered him to do. But the Count was always incapable of understanding his real position, and took it into his head that he might properly ask, not only to be cleared of blame, but to be made a Duke for what he had done. The King gave him plainly to understand what he thought of such a request, and his long connexion with the Court was thus rudely closed. Even then, however, he had not done with his sorrows. An unkind fate threw in his way an opportunity of making himself ridiculous, on which he eagerly seized. When in 1778 war broke out with England the Count could not conceive it to be possible that he, the author of the invasion part of the King's secret, should not have some military employment worthy of his fame and services; and when he found that he was once more left out in the cold, he imagined that the Minister had been prejudiced against him by an enemy, and he thought he had detected this enemy in a certain Abbé Georgel. Thereupon nothing would satisfy him but a criminal prosecution of the Abbé. The Parliament not only acquitted the Abbé but pronounced the accusation calumnious, and ordered the Count to pay a fine. Two years afterwards he died, and at the age of sixty-two carried to the grave his burden of disappointment, indignation, and regret. From the general judgment which the Duke de Broglie passes on the subject of his memoir his readers will find no substantial reason to differ. He fully recognizes the mistakes which the Count made, and how constantly he was his own enemy. All the Duke has to say is that, if the Count had lived in a different age, he might have been really useful and adequately appreciated. To prove or disprove this is impossible; but when the Duke suggests that some ideal kind of limited monarchy is the particular sort of government under which the Count would have shone forth in perfection, we may remark that in England, where limited monarchy has lasted some time, we have not been without frequent experience of men not unlike the Count de Broglie—impracticable, aspiring men of rank, full of grand plans, but with little knowledge of men or things, vehement in their assertion of their claims to high office, and wearying a world which can neither despise nor use them. It is of a different material that the statesmen of a Parliamentary Government are necessarily made.

GUBERNATIS'S MYTHOLOGY OF PLANTS.*

IN a tolerant age good-natured people sometimes wonder how men could ever burn each other for their opinions. To understand the persecutor's state of mind it is only necessary to have a scientific hobby, and to encounter an opponent mounted on another hobby. As we write, we could almost find it in our hearts to burn Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, if, on the application of torture, he would not recant the opinions expressed in his book on the mythology of the vegetable kingdom. Professor de Gubernatis is the writer who rides the Vedic hobby hardest. It is he who

* *La Mythologie des Plantes*. Par Angelo de Gubernatis, Professeur de Sanscrit et de Mythologie comparée à l'Institut des Etudes supérieures à Florence. Vol. I. Paris: C. Reinwald et Cie. 1878.

most earnestly insists on finding in all early history, legend, manners, magic, and tradition, symbols of the Sun, the Moon, the Rain, the Wind, and other natural forces. On an author who has quite made up his mind and who plays any of his symbolic cards just as the fancy seizes him, argument is of course thrown away. Any superstition connected with plants, animals, stones, stars, or what not, is introduced to the notice of Professor de Gubernatis, and he at once puts it down as a trace of solar, or lunar, or phallic, symbolism, just as it happens to please him. This is peculiarly irritating to comparative mythologists who wish to proceed by the historical method. When a superstition is presented to them, they do their best to get an historical line as to its origin. They try to find it in its earliest existing form, and then they endeavour to account for it by the operation of one or other of the known laws of early human fancy. Professor de Gubernatis and his friends, on the other hand, look up into the sky, not down into the depths of human error. They pick out some meteorological phenomenon of which they regard the terrene superstition as the symbolical expression. If asked why they suppose that all men's minds have been so intensely and almost exclusively occupied with devising allegories about the heavens, they fall back on the Vedas. The Vedas they treat as primitive documents, and as good evidence, not only for the early condition of the Indian mind, but for that of all humanity. Now the Vedas—we are tired of saying it—are as far as possible from being primitive. They are the elaborate hymns of a priestly class, composed in an age almost of civilization, and full of the allegory to which the Indian mind is so prone. They themselves are explained in several different ways, and to use them as the starting-point of a universal theory is merely to ensure failure. To account for superstitions which are everywhere essentially the same, we must find intellectual causes which are equally universal. If Bushmen, Hottentots, Andaman Islanders, and Fuegians have a belief which tallies with a Slavonic or Celtic superstition, it is unscientific to choose an allegorical explanation based on the supposed state of mind of the Vedic poets. The Bushmen, the Hottentots, the Fuegians were never, so far as we know, in the advanced social and mental condition of the Vedic poets. The allegorical explanation, therefore, puts the cart before the horse.

Professor de Gubernatis's book is, in form, a kind of dictionary of the superstitions about plants, alphabetically arranged. It is full of interesting material; it is the work of a man whose style and learning need no praise from us or from any one. The book may be read with pleasure by people who read for amusement, with profit by students in search of facts and references, with ecstacy by persons who have swallowed the symbolical and meteorological theory of the origin of myths. The merely historical student of man, on the other hand, is alternately moved to laughter and irritation. The things that he has treated as facts are converted by Professor de Gubernatis into moonshine. The theories which he has mocked at as moonshine are relied on by Professor de Gubernatis as if they were mathematical certainties. If Professor de Gubernatis is right, prehistoric study is impossible; and if there is anything in prehistoric study, he is absolutely wrong.

The usages of uncivilized men are explained by the science which studies humanity on the comparative principle as the result of their intellectual condition and of their environment. Professor de Gubernatis, on the other hand—and it is the essence of his doctrine—seems to see all mankind, in all periods, solely busy with the work of constructing meteorological allegories. We do not, in point of fact, find any men thus employing their time, except perhaps the dreary sages of the Vedas. Yet all the evidence of their condition which early peoples have in any way transmitted to us is allegorically explained by Professor de Gubernatis. The result is that we are thrown back on a forlorn and antiquated form of science. We hear again the Christian doctors who found in the ass of the parable no ass, but a symbol of the Church. We listen once more to Porphyry as he expounds the moral allegory contained in the passage of the Odyssey which describes the cave of the Naiads. As an example of the system of Professor de Gubernatis, take the famous passage in the Iliad which bears on the Homeric knowledge of writing (Iliad vi. 166). Prætes sent Bellerophon to Lycia, that he might there be put out of the way. "He gave him woful tokens (*σμήματα λυγρὰ*), engraving on a folded tablet many baleful things (*δυσοφθόρα πολλά*), and bade him show the same to his father-in-law, that so he might perish." We render this passage in the sense of those who suppose that Homer has picture-writing in his mind. That he is thinking of some sort of writing, some mode of conveying intelligence by signs scratched on a tablet, no one has denied. This important text, important for the history of Homeric civilization, is made void by Professor de Gubernatis. We must quote the extraordinary argument by which he converts Homer's straightforward story into mythical moonshine. It is an admirable specimen of the meteorological method, and of the way in which it invents a feigned human nature, perverts facts, and then explains the facts by the invention:—

The letter of Bellerophon is undoubtedly (*sic*) a mythical leaf. . . . The Cloud and the dark midnight sky produce a series of phenomena and of corresponding myths. In the popular songs of Italy the vault of heaven is often compared to a sheet of paper, on which the lover longs to write the infinite praises of the beloved. Here the sky is supposed to be *fixed*, and it is therefore difficult to look on the heaven itself as a messenger. But, in addition to the cloud, there are other heavenly messengers. This brings us back to the herbs of Hermes or Mercury, the herald of the gods. Hermes has been identified with the Vedic messenger Saramâ, the thunder, which

speeds through the centre of the storm and reveals the treasures hidden in the mountain of the mist—the cows, and the brides stolen by the monster, by the cloud-robber. But in heaven, in the midnight sky, there is another maiden messenger, who fleets along, visiting all space—a leaf, a plant, a flower—to which poets and lovers pour forth their vows and prayers. This is the Moon; and as the moon changes, so the contents of the letter of Bellerophon, changed by the wizard Night, put on a baleful meaning under the influence of the moon's mysterious phases.

Here is a perfect example of meteoric ratiocination. The naïve wish of the Italian peasant poet that he could write his love's praises over the infinite sky is dragged out of poetry into mythology. Then, by way of Hermes and Saramâ, who have nothing to do with the business, the moon is made a messenger. Lastly, the assertion is put forth, without a tittle of proof, that it was the moon which perverted the meaning of the letter of Prætes. Homer's words are so far plain enough. Prætes gave Bellerophon a letter, on a folded tablet, which, of course, Bellerophon did not read, and in this letter the bearer was doomed to death. As far as the poet's knowledge of some mode of communication by signs is concerned, the evidence is complete. But Professor de Gubernatis turns the whole story into a myth of his own invention.

It is for this reason that the irresponsible system of guessing is so mischievous. The legal customs of early peoples are good historical evidence; but Professor de Gubernatis turns them into allegories. He has a great many allegories of another sort, and no less supremely ridiculous. In a purely scientific journal much innocent diversion might be got out of these speculations; but in a periodical of another description the diversion might be hazardous. Let us, then, examine the connexion between Absalom, Judas Iscariot, the monkey of the fable who came to grief in a tree, and, of course, the sun. "The *asipatra* is a kind of reed, the *Scirpus Kysoor Roxb.*; but, from the description of the *asipatruana* which we find in the last book of the *Mahâbhârata*, it is plain that under the generic name of *asipatra* is comprehended every sort of thorny bush used as an instrument of punishment. Again, in the same class are various other plants, as the *kuta*, the *çalmali*, &c. All these plants have a common name—*yâtandî*, *pâpakarmindâm*, or 'the torment of evil-doers.' So much for botany; now for bosh. "The tree that punishes is a tolerably common element in mythology. We must not forget, in this place, the Biblical myth, obviously solar, of Absalom, son of David, whose long locks were tangled in the bough of an oak-tree, nor the legend of the death of the traitor Judas, who hung himself on a fig-tree. To this same myth may be attached the widespread Indian fable of the ape who lost his life in the cleft of a tree . . . and the many Indo-European stories about the maiden shut up in a box of wood. The natural signification of the myth seems to us perfectly transparent; the heavenly hero, or heroine, that is the setting or rising sun"—and so forth. We can all supply what follows. Thus in the popular ditty of "Hickery, dickery, dock," it was not the "mouse that ran up the clock," but the sun that touched the zenith. "The clock struck one, and down the mouse ran"—that is, turned towards the west, and, as the poet adds, repeating some old Aryan refrain, "hickery, dickery, dock!" Professor Gubernatis probably believes that the birch of our public schools is a myth not unconnected with Judas Iscariot, the Dawn, and the Sleeping Beauty. That belief would be precisely as rational as his other "transparent" theories.

Is it not obvious that one assertion of the sort made by our mythologist is just as good or as bad as another? Thus, for example, the secret of fern seed, by which men walk invisible, seems obvious enough. The fern seed is itself concealed behind the leaf, and conveys to men the virtue of its mystery. But Professor de Gubernatis finds easier explanations in the sun, the thunder, the cloud. De Brosse sufficiently criticized this theory of symbolism a hundred years ago:—"Le système du sens figuré une fois admis, on y voit facilement tout ce qu'on veut comme dans les nuages; la matière n'est jamais embarrassante; il ne faut plus que de l'esprit et de l'imagination; c'est un vaste champ, fertile en explications, quelles que soient celles dont on peut avoir besoin."

In leaving Professor de Gubernatis's book we may observe that he quotes with apparent approval the etymology which connects Druids with *δρῦς*. His volume would be admirable if he had given his facts and kept his explanations and his processes of reasoning, which are a series of disjointed assertions and unconnected guesses, to himself.

CAMP LIFE AND SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

THE military frontier defences of British South African territory will be likely to engage public attention for some time beyond the turning-point of the present Zulu war. The frontiers of Natal and the Transvaal towards Cetewayo's formidable kingdom form but a small part of the geographical space which must be guarded in future against either the possibility of external attack or the revolt of Kaffirs within the pale. At least two millions of men of cognate race, spread over territories equal to half Europe, subsisting in the simplest manner by their herds of cattle, and desiring none of our manufactures but firearms and ammunition, will have to be kept in subjection. By what method of organizing

* *Camp Life and Sport in South Africa: Experiences of Kaffir Warfare with the Cape Mounted Rifles.* By T. J. Lucas, late Captain Cape Mounted Rifles. London: Chapman & Hall.

a public force, and at whose cost and charges, this perpetual necessity shall be provided for when Cetewayo has been put out of the way, no colonial statesman yet pretends to foresee. It was lately suggested by Colonel Mure that the experiences of the old Kaffir wars in the eastern province of the Cape Colony may be consulted with advantage on matters of detail in Lord Chelmsford's operations. The old system of permanent defences, maintained partly by the Imperial Government, has likewise a history of its own; and this may perhaps be usefully reviewed to gather some ideas of what may hereafter be wanted on a far greater scale. If the big scheme of a South African Confederation, to embrace so many different English and Dutch colonies or republics and native protectorates as lie between Table Bay and the Limpopo, shall ever be realized, there will be ample room and verge enough. The magnitude of the task with which the War Department of the new Federation will have to deal is truly appalling, contemplated in due relation to the resources of the Federal treasury. Even the mighty Federal power of the American Union does not find it very easy to keep in order a few miserable remnants of the Red Indian population on the open prairies of the far North-West. This volume of Captain Lucas's, though it offers no direct political comment, and was published before the recent startling development of Sir Bartle Frere's policy, is suggestive of the kind of military responsibilities hereafter to be incurred. The author's personal service, indeed, belongs to a time long past, like that of Colonel Mure and that of Sir John Bisset, who lately wrote a book with a very similar title. Captain Lucas, as a junior comrade of the last-mentioned officer, was also in the fighting with the Gaikas at the Boomah Pass in 1851, besides going through his fair share of garrison duty. We remember hearing in those days of the troublesome chief Sandilli, who survived to become the nominal head of last year's Gaika rebellion. A peace of a quarter of a century in Kaffirland, where the social habits of the people remain unchanged by their temporary submission to British power, has not proved a secure guarantee against the renewal of these vexatious disturbances. The aggregate resources of all the European communities in South Africa, whose population is collectively equal to that of an English agricultural shire, and whose wealth does not, as we see, very rapidly increase, would be severely taxed by long further endurance of this state of affairs.

The historic regiment of Cape Mounted Rifles, whose name has very recently been conferred upon a colonial force of different composition, was disbanded many years ago. A fuller account of its mode of doing service than that which Captain Lucas has incidentally given us here might have been found profitable towards the study of future South African exigencies and means of supplying them. Some misapprehensions of this subject were apparent in the controversy which arose a few months since upon the alleged injustice of converting members of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police into what are now styled Cape Mounted Riflemen. Parents and friends of young men of the English middle classes who had gone out under contract for three years imagined that this change of title was a substantial alteration of the conditions of service. It was not so, as is clearly explained by Mr. Gordon Sprigg, the Colonial Prime Minister, in his letter of December 10th to Sir Michael Hicks Beach. The men are not rendered amenable to the Articles of War, and the recent dissatisfaction among them has only been occasioned by the withdrawal of extra privileges or allowances which they enjoyed during their active employment in the Kaffir war that ended last June. These Cape Mounted Riflemen of the present day bear more resemblance to the Irish Constabulary than to any properly military force, though Commandants Griffith and Bowker made them serviceable, as well as the German burgher corps and local volunteer companies, in that harassing campaign. The regiment formerly commanded by Sir Henry Somerset, a Waterloo cavalry officer whose estimable qualities won the affectionate regard of subalterns when the author joined in 1850, was somewhat "crack" in its way. It mustered about eight hundred men, two-thirds of them being soldiers drafted from various regiments of the Queen's army, the other third brisk little "Totties" or Hottentots, whose nimbleness on foot or horseback, and their wonderful keenness of sight, rendered them invaluable scouts. The regiment was divided into twelve troops, well mounted, and armed with double-barrelled Victoria carbines; they had both cavalry and infantry drill, and were efficient alike in either capacity. The officers wore a handsome sort of Hussar uniform, and enjoyed high popularity in the social intercourse of the Cape Colony, which seems in those days to have been pleasant, with a good admixture of Indians on furlough before the Suez Canal route enabled them to get quickly home. The country afforded to a sportsman plenty of large game, and the climate being healthy and agreeable, it was not a bad life for Captain Lucas and his comrades; but the service had no substantial advantages. They received only infantry pay, while they had to bear cavalry expenses; and Captain Lucas seems to have been treated with scant liberality when, being finally invalided after fourteen years and eight months' service, he was refused another year's leave to get his retiring pension. But no man could be less of a grumbler than the author of this agreeable volume. It is a cheerful, chatty, rambling narrative of personal recollections, of garrison life on the Great Fish River, mess-table jokes, fishing and shooting pastimes, long rides in rough places, cattle-driving and Kaffir-killing expeditions, with many anecdotes of natural history, which seems to be his favourite theme.

Fort Brown, on the banks of the river just named, distant but twenty miles from the headquarters of his regiment at Grahamstown, was a station that allowed him to indulge this taste in leisure times, with the help of an old sailor who had skill in bird-stuffing, and knew all about the snakes, and lizards, and other creatures. The hippopotamus was no longer to be seen, as described by Le Vaillant, in the Great Fish River, walking comfortably along the bottom under water; but it still haunted the lower reaches of the Buffalo near King William's Town. Captain Lucas travelled with an escort for Sir George Clerk in 1854 to the Orange River Territory, and had the good fortune to kill a lion not far from Bloemfontein, the capital of the Dutch Free State. Various species of "boks" fell victims to his rifle, but he forbears to relate mere shooting stories, of which we have had quite enough. He shows an intelligent interest in the diverse forms of animal life, apart from the chances of proving a fashionable dexterity in putting them wholesale to death. A herd of a thousand gnus or wildebeests, then to be sometimes seen on the vast upland plains, or the bounding springboks, or "the hartebeests with their long swinging stride," or the zebras, whose striped bodies in swift motion have "a peculiar indistinct blurred appearance," or the ostrich with its pace stretching ten yards from footprint to footprint, would be sights to delight a man of this disposition. He could also use the pencil to delineate such subjects, of which two or three good examples, that of the aard-vark or ant-bear, and that of wild dogs chasing a zebra, are given in the tinted lithographs. Birds, reptiles, and fishes occupy a larger share of the volume than Kaffirs and bush-fighting warfare; but many pages are filled with good-humoured reminiscences of personal character in the society of his brother officers or in that of Cape-town and Grahamstown, or on board ship. Besides the common incidents of the voyage, touching at Madeira, St. Helena, and Ascension, of which one has so often read, there was the rare luck of beholding a conflict between a thresher, the huge shark so called from its method of attack, and a whale assaulted with tremendous blows of the enemy's pectoral fins or tail. These and other zoological anecdotes, mixed with small adventures of ordinary South African garrison and campaigning life, compose a sufficiently interesting stock of light materials for an unpretentious book.

As for the methods and incidents of such war as is too often needful to be carried on in Kaffirland, the reader may compare this description with that recently given by General Sir Arthur Cunyng-hame, the late Commander-in-Chief there. The pomp and circumstance of more glorious military business in other regions of the globe does not seem to adorn this teasing practice of alternate efforts to catch the wily foe by surprise, as in hunting some kind of wild beast, and the repulse of ambushed waylaying parties along the march from post to post. Kaffir war has been called, says our author, "the snob of all wars," for there is a rather sordid aspect to conflicts where the capture of an enemy's cattle, as in the old Scottish Border wars of Armstrongs and Elliots, is reckoned the immediate proof of success. The truth would seem to be that Kaffir wars in general are only decided in the long run by the process of gradually inflicting the pains of starvation upon the hostile tribe or people. They are not accustomed to stake all on the issue of a battle, or even of a series of battles, and they have neither stores, nor roads, nor artificial fortresses to lose. The deprivation of their oxen, cows, and heifers, with their exclusion during harvest or seed-time from the grounds in which their "mealies" or native corn should be grown, is deemed the sole effectual means of reducing them to subjection. It is not improbable that this experience may again be verified in Zululand; and it is certainly a different kind of warfare from that practised in European and Indian campaigns by the most renowned masters of the art in successive ages of history. Work of this sort may be warranted by political or military necessities, but it does not seem calculated to inspire a chivalrous enthusiasm in the minds either of regular troops or occasional volunteers. The lack of this spirit is happily not supplied in our South African colonies, as in Spanish America and New England it formerly was, and is even now among the Dutch Boers, by a merciless proscription of the heathen from perverted religious zeal. It remains to be seen whether an adequate militia can be raised and kept up from the small European population with no stronger permanent incitement than the sense of public utility and civic duty; for the paid military police alone will never be strong enough to ensure the safety of an enormous dominion. This is a problem which demands some consideration before statesmen undertake to forecast the results of the present Zulu war, or to insist upon a federal union of all the provinces; and it might properly have been taken into account before the annexation of the Transvaal. As a memorial, however slight, of the times when the main stress of defending the Cape Colony, on the short line of the Eastern frontier, devolved upon a regiment maintained at Imperial cost, the volunteer levies being almost worthless, we find in Captain Lucas's book matter that deserves a passing notice. It is suggestive at least of a profitable subject of statistical inquiry for some writer equally conversant with the details of military organization and active service, and with the peculiar conditions of South African native and colonial life.

EUCLID AND HIS MODERN RIVALS.*

THE movement for innovation in the teaching of elementary geometry has gone so far that the discussion is no longer a merely academical one, and Mr. Dodgson has thought it high time for a champion who is prepared to defend Euclid against all comers to arm himself and enter the lists. Mr. Dodgson has brought great knowledge and acuteness to his task, but we must regret the form in which he has cast his book—not on the score of his “abandoning the dignity of a scientific writer” by putting his argument into dialogues between the ghost of Euclid, an examiner, and an imaginary German Professor—but, because to our mind the effect is to make the argument much harder reading than it would be otherwise. It is chopped up and frittered away, and what Mr. Dodgson has to say on any one point must be pieced out from half-a-dozen scraps of imaginary conversation. Mr. Dodgson’s own account of his method is this:—“It is presented in a dramatic form, partly because it seemed a better way of exhibiting in alternation the arguments on the two sides of the question; partly that I might feel myself at liberty to treat it in a rather lighter style than would have suited an essay, and thus to make it a little less tedious and a little more acceptable to unscientific readers.”

We agree that the subject is one which might very fairly be treated by way of dialogue, provided the writer were impartial or versatile enough really to exhibit the arguments on both sides. But this Mr. Dodgson has hardly attempted. His phantasm of Herr Niemand, who brings up for discussion and judgment the various treatises of Euclid’s modern rivals, is a very poor ghost indeed—a mere ninikin of a ghost who stands up only just enough to be knocked down. The work is an argument for Euclid all through, and would have been more forcible and intelligible if presented consecutively. As to the “lighter style” making the book “less tedious” and “more acceptable to unscientific readers,” that is a matter of taste; to our own taste few things are more tedious or less acceptable than to have the tenor of a closely reasoned discussion constantly interrupted by small jokes. Certainly the little repartees exchanged between Euclid, Minos, and Niemand will not help any one to master the elaborate apparatus of tabular comparisons and symbolic vocabulary by which Mr. Dodgson brings into one view all hitherto imagined ways of treating the vexed doctrine of parallels. This last piece of work, on which Mr. Dodgson must have spent infinite pains and minute attention, is alone sufficient to make reference to his book almost indispensable for whoever treats the subject after him. Whether the symbolic notation really has a convenience in use proportionate to the author’s trouble in inventing it, and the reader’s in learning it, is a question on which we hesitate to offer a positive opinion. To some extent Mr. Dodgson seems to have been driven to the adoption of new terms by the ambiguous manner in which the word *parallel* is used by different writers. Of course we cannot follow him through his exhaustive account of the various plans which have been put forward as improvements on Euclid’s method in this point. But we must note one rather important omission. A review of Mr. Wilson’s book on *Elementary Geometry* by De Morgan is quoted in an appendix; but there is no reference either to De Morgan’s admirable article on Euclid in the *Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*, which is probably less known to mathematical readers than it ought to be, or to his article on “Parallels” in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. What De Morgan says in the last-mentioned article is so much to the purpose that we make no scruple of repeating it here:—

Euclid obviously puts the whole difficulty into an assumption; which, though the most direct course, is not that which is best calculated to give the highest degree of evidence to geometrical truths. For it is a more obvious proposition that two lines which intersect one another cannot both be parallel to a third line, and this being granted, Euclid’s axiom readily follows. If it should be objected that this is merely Euclid’s axiom in another form, it is replied that the form is a more easy one, and therefore preferable; just as it would be wiser to assume “Every A is B and every B is A,” than the identical but more complicated proposition, “Every A is B, and everything which is not A is not B.”

The “more obvious proposition” thus recommended by De Morgan is Playfair’s axiom; and it so happens that the point of his recommendation is not very successfully met by Mr. Dodgson. It is an easy victory to show that the axiom in this form is equivalent to Euclid’s; and then Mr. Dodgson proceeds to give reasons why Euclid’s should be preferred. He makes out that Euclid’s axiom is actually easier, since it puts before the learner “a Pair of Lines, a transversal, and two angles whose sum is less than two right angles—all clear positive conceptions”; while “Playfair requires him to realize a Pair of Lines which never meet, though produced to infinity—a negative conception which does not convey to the mind any clear notion of the relative position of the Lines.” This appears to us to be little more than a play on words. Positive conceptions are not necessarily easier to grasp than negative ones; and the picture of two parallels, whether on paper or in the mind, is a much simpler object of intuition than that of a pair of straight lines met by a transversal which makes two interior opposite angles less than two right angles.

But a more formidable objection is behind, which Mr. Dodgson fully brings out only when he comes to discuss Mr. Wilson’s treatment of the subject in detail. It may be most clearly seen by substituting for Playfair’s axiom the equivalent state-

ment:—Through a given point outside a straight line only one parallel can be drawn to it. This at once raises the question, What business have you to assume that *any* parallel can be drawn? in other words, that parallels can and do exist in plane geometry, and that there is no external point through which a parallel cannot be drawn? The assumption, be it observed, is not made by Euclid. And we may further observe that it is not such a small one as it looks, especially in the light of modern geometrical speculations. For it results from the work of Lobatschewsky and others that our actual geometry is not an elucidation of eternal and immutable and unique relations, but is rather in the nature of a purely physical science. That is to say, it is the investigation of properties of space, or of things in so far as they occupy space, which might quite conceivably have been different. A consistent geometry (though of course inapplicable to our real experience) can be, and has been, founded on the categorical denial of Playfair’s axiom. Euclid’s geometry is the science, not of space absolutely, but of a particular kind of space; and in this view the doctrine of parallels lays down very characteristic and important properties of that kind of space. When we are investigating the properties of anything, our knowledge of them is not thoroughly scientific until it is connected, as far as possible, by proofs. We must know not only that the properties coexist, but how far one implies the other. Now Euclid does not assume, but proves, the real existence of parallels to be a property of the space he is dealing with; and here he has a great advantage over most of the innovators. They commit precisely the same oversight of making a large tacit assumption which they are ready enough to charge Euclid with on other occasions. The substance of the objection would be the same without appealing to imaginary geometry. But it appears to us (paradoxical as it may sound) that the considerations above suggested give it more reality. For one sees that it is a question, not of logical arrangement, but of real physical explanation. The assumption of Playfair’s axiom in the lump is objectionable in precisely the same way that it would be objectionable in physics to assume the conservation of energy as an axiom, and also to assume that a perpetual motion is impossible. Still the objection is not insuperable. It is possible to prove the general part of the alternative form of Playfair’s axiom—namely, that a parallel can always be drawn to a given straight line through an external point—before assuming the special part, on which depends the peculiar quality of the space we have the happiness to live in, namely that only one parallel can be so drawn. This was done by Mr. Hirst in a course of lectures on elementary geometry given by him several years ago. Whether it is done in the published works of any of the “modern rivals” whose claims are discussed by Mr. Dodgson is more than we can say. Mr. R. P. Wright’s auxiliary proposition (which Mr. Dodgson takes as a specimen of his treatise, in order to pass on to a rather supercilious criticism, apparently without seeing what it is meant to lead to, and what difficulties are being encountered) is that one, and only one, perpendicular can be drawn to a straight line from an external point. But he has to prove it by folding over the paper, which is a proceeding of doubtful fairness, and in fact involves assumptions about the nature of space of three dimensions. If such assumptions were made openly from the first; if surfaces and lines were defined and conceived as boundaries; if projections and other modern methods were freely introduced as soon as they could be made useful; if, in short, geometry were frankly treated as a physical science—then we should have before us a scheme of innovation really worth discussing.

To return to the immediate subject, the adoption of Playfair’s axiom in either form would not involve any really serious alteration of Euclid’s treatment; and the wider question of Euclid’s general merits as a text-book is by no means concluded by the opinion that may be formed on this “well-worn subject,” as De Morgan calls it. The presumption from antiquity, on which the champions of Euclid naturally lay great stress, is one that cuts both ways. On the one hand we have to consider that Euclid’s treatise was written not only when geometry had not received any of its modern extensions, but when logic was in its infancy. De Morgan points out that Euclid was almost certainly unacquainted with Aristotle’s work, and further that he gave himself much superfluous trouble by demonstrating separately and independently propositions which are logically equivalent. Again, we do not so much as know that Euclid intended his *Elements* to be used as an elementary book in the modern sense. So that altogether it would seem highly improbable that Euclid should have spoken not only the first but the last word on the systematic teaching of geometry, and that no material improvement on his method should be practicable. On the other hand we have the fact that none of the attempts which have as yet been made to improve upon Euclid has commanded anything like a general or decisive success. Mr. Dodgson’s detailed criticism on the “modern rivals” appears to show (so far as we can tell without comparing at first hand the books criticized) that they fall into the following classes:—1. Works which seriously aim at attaining a precision equal to Euclid’s by other means, and carry out their intention with real power and originality, but are unsuited for beginners. Such are Legendre’s and Peirce’s. 2. Works which gain apparent facility at the expense of thoroughness and exactness. 3. Works which depart from Euclid chiefly or wholly as to matters of style and detail, and as to which it is questionable whether improvement, assuming that there is some real improvement, be worth gaining at the cost of uniformity of teaching and reference. Mr. Dodgson’s book opens with a fan-

* *Euclid and his Modern Rivals* By Charles A. Dodgson, M.A., Senior Student and Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

tastic picture of two examiners looking over geometrical book-work and driven to distraction by all the candidates following different manuals, and occasionally skipping from one to another. Now on this it may be observed that geometry does not exist for the convenience of examiners. Nevertheless it is true that in a subject of exact science where the difficulty of agreeing upon any one natural order of demonstration seems almost insuperable, but in fact one order of demonstration has been in possession for many centuries, there are very strong reasons for not disturbing that order except on cogent evidence. It must not be made an article of faith that nothing better than Euclid is possible. Indeed it is conceivable that in the course of generations the average mathematical capacity of civilized men may be so far developed as to make it proper to use methods and conceptions in elementary teaching which are now rightly reserved for a later stage. One can imagine Euclid being studied *pari passu* with modern geometry and in the light of it. But in the meantime our Universities and schools cannot reasonably be called upon to displace Euclid until something is produced which commands such general approval among competent persons as will entitle it to take Euclid's place. It is possible, as hinted by De Morgan and Mr. Todhunter, that the failure of so many of the attempts hitherto made is due to their authors not having sought geometry with a whole heart. Whoever seeks to make things easy first, and to make his method scientific afterwards, will assuredly reap the just reward of his insincerity in ignominious failure. One thing is certain, that every honest endeavour to find a better way than Euclid's out of the fundamental difficulties of geometrical exposition must lead to a fuller understanding of the magnitude of those difficulties, and a truer appreciation of the power shown by Euclid in grappling with them. The wonder is not that weak points should be found in his method, but that with all the resources of modern mathematics his work has been so little bettered. The practical use of Euclid's Elements may hereafter be considerably modified. As it is, the editors have altered his genuine text and arrangement, and not always for the better, more than most people know. But in any case his historical position as the founder of systematic geometry, and his unique fame as the writer of a scientific treatise which has held its ground for more than twenty centuries, can only be confirmed and exalted.

QUAKER COUSINS.*

IN reviewing *The King's Dues*, a former novel by Mrs. Macdonell, we had to praise a fresh and simple story, which prepossessed us moreover by being in a single volume. There was a concentration of natural incidents in a pleasant and simply told love-tale, whose scenes were picturesquely laid among the orchards and cliffs of one of the Channel Islands. *Quaker Cousins* impresses one at first sight as a far more serious affair. Not only is it in the regulation three-volume form, but the three volumes are unusually bulky. This of course necessarily proves nothing more than a more aspiring attempt on the part of the author, and we were rather curious to see how she had acquitted herself. The result is that, although she has again written a very readable novel, we could wish, for her own sake as well as ours, that she had been somewhat less ambitious. As before, she had good matter to start with, but she has spun it out with gratuitous prolixity. She would, we think, have done much more wisely had she confined herself as before to a single volume, although this time perhaps she might have advantageously enlarged it. The sections of the story want screwing together; we have a detailed biography of many of the people from their school days to their marriages, and even afterwards; characters that are not only subordinate but insignificant are introduced at unnecessary length, or are brought in merely to be dismissed; we have descriptions of commonplace interiors and their furniture given with a minuteness which would have been more in place in an auctioneer's catalogue; and there are not a few unnecessary and superfluous digressions. This is the more to be regretted since we are really interested, though the interest is too often flagging or in suspense. For Mrs. Macdonell has the art of making the persons with whom she is in sympathy very real both to herself and her readers; the Quaker cousins, and especially Phoebe Marsland, the heroine, are thrown out in relief with affectionate care and with many delicately suggestive touches. Besides, the author has the good sense to confine herself to ground with which she is thoroughly acquainted. We have none of those distorted scenes which are evidently taken at second-hand from a course of cramming intended to extend the writer's experiences; no wild flights of imaginative sensation that land us in hopeless extravagances and absurdities. But we have a satisfactory blending of the different ranks of ordinary society, from shopkeepers and vulgar-minded *nouveaux riches* to ladies and gentlemen of cultivation and refinement. And in describing folly and vulgarity there is a vein of genuine humour which is often piquant enough. Nor do we object by any means to all the episodes which, from a severely critical point of view, scarcely fall within the scheme of the story. Thus the fact of the cousins being Quakers, except that it gives a distinctive title to the book, has little or no significance. The children, taken early from under the paternal wing, are brought up as members of the Church of England, and see no more of the Society

of Friends to which their parents belonged. Yet the circumstance gives occasion for a very graphic account of an interview, when a deputation is sent by the "Crankton monthly meeting" to the lady who had taken the cousins in charge, with the object of inquiring into their up-bringing and welfare. Mrs. Burton, their aunt by marriage, is an underbred tradesman's wife, who prides herself on her style and showy surroundings, and who usually has no lack of self-confidence. "But conscience makes cowards of us all," and an embarrassing secret is weighing heavily on her; the fact being that the husband had misapplied the orphans' little patrimony, and although of course he could not be legally bound to give a strict account of it to outsiders, yet he might find himself embarrassed when asked for explanations. So he prudently takes himself out of the way, leaving his more courageous wife to represent him. She fortifies her moral resolution by a commonplace survey of the appointments of her sitting-room, and, arraying her person in gorgeous apparel, prepares to crush the unwelcome visitors by her splendour. The outward contrast indeed is sufficiently striking. The Quaker gentleman at the head of the deputation wears the regulation collarless coat, and carries in his hand the broad-brimmed hat. The two ladies who accompany him as assessors are in simple drab and black. Their manners are particularly gentle and unassuming. Yet somehow Mrs. Burton, though no close observer, perceives that the mild-spoken delegates are not to be snubbed; and, as the interview proceeds, the impression that she is on her trial before a formidable tribunal checks her patronizing volubility, and turns her assumption of confidence into visible confusion. Taken by itself, the scene, as we have said, is excellently graphic. The weak point is that it leads up to no effective *dénouement* at the moment, although it drives Mrs. Burton straightway to destroy the document which might have been produced in evidence against her and her husband. Forced into a corner by a quiet cross-examination, she naturally struggles out of it by a blunt denial that her deceased kinswoman had executed any will. And the Quakers, feeling that in that case there is no more to be said, mildly profess to accept the assurance.

The same power of pleasant description is shown throughout. In the opening chapter, for instance, we are introduced to the children and their mother in her quaint old-fashioned garden in the country town of Snaresby. With her gentle manners and austerity tempered by affection, the elderly Quakeress is very prettily drawn, and we half share the foreboding sorrows of her little girl, as we feel that we are to have little more of her company. For Mrs. Marsland is dying of a painful disease, and is busying herself with arrangements for the welfare of her beloved children. Her choice of a guardian proves most unfortunate; and, as we should have said, is most improbable, had it not been obviously indispensable to the idea of the story. Of course she has no reason to suspect the honesty of Henry Burton; but she must have seen that he is made of stuff very different from that which is approved in the communion of the Quakers, and there is much in his manners that is repugnant to her. He is a gay man of the business world, who lives fast if he works industriously; and even his business qualities are so very doubtful that his own father declines to receive him as a partner in his large and flourishing establishment. Mrs. Marsland does not know what the old gentleman more than suspects—namely, that Burton is eagerly looking out for short cuts to fortune, and would speculate more than he does if his means admitted of it. She dies, and her orphan children are removed to their new home, where they have no great reason to complain of their treatment, since they can hardly expect to be placed quite on a footing with their wealthier cousins. Burton is a good-natured, if a weak man; and he has every reason to be grateful to his charges. For their 2,000*l.* has come as a godsend to him; and indeed for the time there would appear to be a blessing on his malappropriation of their money. All he touches with it turns to gold, and his dealings in local railway shares launch him on a career of prosperity. He is supposed to be rich already when his father dies, bequeathing to him the business which makes him really a wealthy man. What puzzles us is why, when in possession of an income so ample that he can rent a magnificent country residence, reconstruct it, fill it with the most costly works of art, and give splendid entertainments to the magnates who still pretend to look down upon him, he does not promptly invest, in accordance with the provisions of Mrs. Marsland's will, the paltry 2,000*l.* to which he has been so greatly indebted. We should have fancied that a man who would rather be honest than not, and who was really fond of the children he had received into his household, when squandering money broadcast would have gladly bought the luxury of a satisfied conscience when he could have made restitution at such an easy rate. That notion, however, never seems to strike him; and the consequence is that Will Marsland, who is kept exceedingly short of funds in the midst of all that palatial magnificence, is balked of his fancies as to his future at a very critical point in his career, as well as of his hopes of a marriage on which he has set his heart.

We have remarked that the author dwells at disproportionate length on the school days of her hero and heroine. But, as we readily admit, she may reasonably reply that it was in these days they formed the growing intimacy which had momentous results for both of them. Phoebe is a charming little girl, almost precociously intelligent, singularly sweet-tempered, very energetic, and very self-denying; while her brother is a bright and clever boy, with a large share of his sister's unselfish nature. So he and a certain Allen Warrener become fast friends,

Quaker Cousins. By Agnes Macdonell, Author of "For the Queen's Dues," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1879.

to the envy of many of their schoolmates, and more especially of his cousins the Burtons. For Allen is of an order altogether superior to the society of pushing tradesmen and hard-working business people to which the Burtons belong. Mrs. Burton takes advantage of Allen's devotion to his friend to force herself on the acquaintance of his mother Lady Frances; and she persists in clinging to him with affectionate appreciation, though he honestly shows his dislike to her and her sons. Allen is no fool, and he is a good judge of a lady, and probably would gladly have repelled Mrs. Burton's advances more decidedly or avoided her altogether. But he likes Will Marsland's sister as much as he likes Will; even more indeed, as it proves in the end. For Phoebe is both pretty and lively, and she has naturally the lady-like manners to which he has always been accustomed. It is probable that the feelings with which he regarded her grew unconsciously warmer and deeper, but the author ingeniously leads us to believe that he may throw himself at the girl's feet at any moment. He tantalizes us, and does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he offers himself to an heiress, though he marries her for her attractions, and not for her money. He has made a grand mistake, although, by an astounding piece of luck, her early death leaves him a free man again. This time, we feel persuaded, he will turn to Phoebe; the more so that, in seeking her sympathy, he treats her with brotherly unreserve, except that, with natural delicacy, he says nothing directly of his matrimonial disappointments. Not a bit of it, however: He remains perversely blind, as before, to the real bent of his feelings. In the infatuation of his self-delusion he tries Phoebe's feelings to the uttermost; for the poor girl had long before fallen over head and ears in love with him. She is on the point of slipping through his fingers, having accepted an invitation to emigrate to the antipodes; and were it not that her life must evidently be blighted, we should say unhesitatingly "Serve him right." As if to add insult to injury, he tells her that he hopes to marry again and give a new mother to his little girl. Of course we have believed all this time that the separation will never take place; and yet we at length begin to be doubtful. Authors have everything in their power, and there is no answering for their caprices. It is quite conceivable, unlikely as it appears, that Mrs. Macdonell may be contemplating a *coup de plume*. And we are relieved when at the last moment she declines to violate precedents. Allen's good fortune stands by him to the last. Being thrown over by the young woman with whom he had been negotiating an alliance, he honourably retires from what must have been a second lease of misery, and with a candid confession of the feelings he has tardily realized, he proposes to make himself and Phoebe happy. It seems rather hard upon her brother Will, who is just as deserving and at least as self-sacrificing, that, with his warm feelings and domestic tastes, he is never to be consoled for an early disappointment. But as the two women who knew and loved him the best pronounced that "Will was as happy as he deserved to be," we suppose we need waste no unnecessary sympathy on him; and so a story whose chief fault is its diffuseness is brought to a pleasant and satisfactory end.

NOTES BY A NATURALIST ON THE CHALLENGER.*

THE most palpable result of the *Challenger* expedition is the copious and highly valuable literature which it has been the means of giving to the public. The books and papers compiled by naval officers attached to the ship, or by members of the civilian staff, are to be counted by dozens, and furnish an exhaustive account, not only of the general objects and historic occurrences of the voyage, but of the various branches of scientific observation and research which came within the ken of this specially trained and selected body of investigators. A further series of instructive memoirs is made up by the reports of eminent naturalists at home on the collections made during the course of the voyage, illustrative of the fauna and flora of the lands visited and the ocean depths laid under contribution. Out of all this abundance of scientific material there is no single work to which we can point with more satisfaction than the *Notes by a Naturalist* in which Mr. H. N. Moseley embodies the observations and studies of an exceptionally gifted and keen-sighted lover of nature. From his father, the well-known Canon Moseley, he had inherited an eager disposition towards the pursuit of science; and before the departure of the *Challenger* he had done good work in Ceylon in connexion with the solar eclipse of 1871, taking advantage of the opportunity to make special studies of the structure and functions of the land planarian worms, throwing thereby new and important light upon the homologous parts in the higher animal organisms in general. It is especially in the field of biology that Mr. Moseley has made a name for himself, having followed up his more general Oxford culture in the physiological and biological schools of Vienna and Leipzig. His high qualifications in this department marked him out for the natural history staff of the *Challenger*, under Sir Wyville Thomson; and a number of original memoirs published in the *Transactions of the Royal and other learned Societies*, in addition to the volume before us, sufficiently attest the fitness of the appointment.

* *Notes by a Naturalist on the "Challenger," during the Voyage Round the World in the Years 1872-1876.* By H. N. Moseley, M.A., F.R.S., &c. With Map, two Coloured Plates, and numerous Woodcuts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

In point of form Mr. Moseley's work presents us with a kind of diary of the scientific cruise; whilst in its descriptive power, as well as in his keen perception of facts and his power of rapid generalization, he reminds us of Mr. Darwin's famous *Journal of Researches* in the *Beagle*, forty years back. Whilst professedly undertaking the study of botany and geology, Mr. Moseley seems to have let no aspect of nature escape his notice. If his first thought, as the ship touched at each new island or coast, was to enlarge his store of rare or novel plants, animals, or insects, he had a no less careful eye to whatever was striking or characteristic in the aspect, customs, or beliefs of the inhabitants. A large proportion of his work is thus taken up with the affinities, the manners, the religion, and physical surroundings of the most diverse races—South Americans, Polynesians, Malays, Japanese, and Chinese. Not a little humour is thrown at times into his descriptions of these people, their sayings and doings, their amusements and general mode of life, which are further illustrated by expressive woodcuts. The breadth of his philosophical survey and his power of rapid reference to the first principles of things is seen in his quick perception of human nature as radically one and the same in the Fiji savage—not to go lower still in the animal scale—and in the most artificial product of modern culture:—

The audience at Nakello, when they shouted with laughter, produced a general sound exactly like that proceeding from a European audience. No doubt the sound of laughter is one of the very earliest and oddest of human cries. It is certainly an astonishing sound, and one that it is very difficult to listen to and analyse without prejudice and a remote feeling of sympathy. The best way to study it that I know, is to seize on opportunities when one is being constantly interrupted, say at one's club, in reading a serious book, by shouts of laughter from a party of strangers; one can then note the curious variety of spasmodic sounds produced, and marvel that men in the midst of rational conversation should be compelled by necessity to break off suddenly their use of language and find relief and enjoyment in the utterance of perfectly inarticulate and animal howls, like those of the "Long-armed Gibbon."

The most original field for anthropological observation was offered by the Admiralty Islands, no European being known to have set foot upon this out-of-the-way group of the Malay archipelago, although cursory notices had been made public by Dentrecaesteux and other voyagers. Native implements and weapons had also found their way in numbers into the Christy and other collections. The *Challenger* on anchoring was beset by canoes full of eager natives, waving their paddles in token of friendship, and shouting "Laban, laban," which was at first thought to sound like "tabac, tabac," but turned out to be, like "sigor, sigor," the no less puzzling cry at Humboldt Bay, the word for iron. Iron was the wealth coveted by all the islanders. Ordinary hoop-iron roughly broken into short pieces made a kind of currency, and purchased any amount of native wares and products. Matches and burning-glasses failed to make the usual impression. Looking-glasses were not at all understood, nor were pipes and tobacco. A white arm, leg, or chest was looked at with intense curiosity and wonder, especially by the women, the natives seeming to think that the skin was painted white, the negroes on board alone not having got the point on. Mr. Moseley made some progress with the language, obtaining some fifty-five words, besides the numerals of the islanders, which he has made the subject of a separate paper. The numerals up to ten are given by him here, differing in some cases from those given by Jacobs, the American explorer in 1844, whose work is extremely rare. A curious point is that 8 and 9, Anda Huap and Anda Sip, are expressed as 10 minus 2 and 10 minus 1; a term for the numeral 10 having been arrived at in counting before 8 and 9 had been named—a custom known, our author mentions, among distant races like the Ainos and some other North American tribes, but not met with among other Polynesians or Melanesians. It is, however, found in the language of one Micronesian island, Yap, in the Caroline group. No signs of cannibalism were detected among these natives, though they have been ill reported of in this respect by other voyagers. A human humerus wrapped round with feathers was found in use in the chief temple as a charm to swear by. The dead are buried in the ground, but are, it appears, frequently dug up again, the skulls and other bones being used to decorate the houses. Each small island is under its own chief, the principal power resting with the chief of Wild Island. The Admiralty Islanders are most remarkable for having no bows, arrows, spears, or other weapons. The only domestic animals at all abundant among them are pigs. Two dogs, one a puppy, were seen upon Wild Island. As regards the zoology of the islands, two species of Fruit bats (*Pteropina*) and an opossum (*Cuscus*) were procured. The dugong and dolphin are sometimes killed. Of birds there are greater varieties, including eagles, lories, kingfishers, tree swifts, pigeons, and cockatoos. In the swamp pools lurks a species of crocodile, much dreaded by the natives.

At the Cape of Good Hope Mr. Moseley found an opportunity of thoroughly studying the anatomy and biological relations of the wormlike land-living *Peripatus*. Before this time nothing was known of the manner of development of this curious animal, which had been generally classed with the annelids, though its alliance with the myriapods had been suspected by Quatrefages. The fact of its breathing air by means of tracheæ had not been observed. It is now made clear that in *Peripatus capensis* we see closely represented the ancestral type of all air-breathing arthropods, i.e. of all insects, spiders, and myriapods. Its aspect is that of a black caterpillar, some three inches in length, a pair of simple horn-like antennæ projecting from the head, the mouth

provided with tumid lips, and a double pair of horny jaws. It has seventeen pairs of short conical feet, each armed with a pair of hooked claws. The skin is soft and flexible, without chitinous rings. The creature breathes by means of tracheal tubes, like those of insects. Instead of opening to the exterior by a small number of apertures (*stigmata*), distributed along the sides of the body, as in all other tracheated animals, these tubes are far less highly specialized, and are scattered irregularly over the whole surface of the animal's skin. Here we may probably see existing the earliest stage in the evolution of tracheæ, these tubes having been developed in the first tracheate animal out of skin glands scattered all over the body. In higher tracheate animals Mr. Moseley considers the tracheal openings to have become restricted to certain definite positions through the action of natural selection. Specimens of *Peripatus* were with difficulty procured. Our author was fortunate in finding one under an old cart-wheel at Wynberg. Immediately on opening it he saw its tracheæ, throwing a flood of new light upon the origin of these organs in general.

The zoological results of the deep-sea dredgings were, on the whole, disappointing. High hopes had been entertained by enthusiastic naturalists, with the late Professor Agassiz at their head, that almost all important fossil forms would be found represented by living specimens at great depths. To the last not a cuttlefish came up in the *Challenger's* deep-sea net but it was eagerly squeezed to see if it had a belemnite's bone in its back, and trilobites were anxiously looked out for. One coral (*Bathyaëcia symmetrica*) was found to range from a depth of 30 to 2,900 fathoms, varying greatly in size, yet not at all in accordance with depth. Nearly all crustacea seem to increase in size with the sea depth. Large specimens were dredged of *Serolis* and other large isopods, and large *Scapellums*. The decapod crustaceans, however, were in no case so large as the biggest of the shallow-water forms. Numbers of interesting new genera and species of well-known families of animals were brought up by the dredge, but very few which differed widely in their essential anatomical structure from hitherto known forms. No missing links were picked up to fill gaps in the zoological tree. The excessively wide, but less diversified, area of the ocean floor contrasts unfavourably in regard to the production of species with the corresponding areas of the land surface, which Mr. Darwin has shown to enjoy special conditions favouring the development of ever new and varying forms. The most important and aberrant new animal form obtained by the *Challenger's* deep-sea dredgings seems to be an ascidian, which Mr. Moseley has been the first to describe under the name of *Octacnemus bythius*. This abnormal specimen is figured in the accompanying woodcut, one-half the natural size. It is distinguished by having eight conical radially disposed lobes. The walls of the body are perfectly transparent. It has a small pedicle for attaching itself to the sea bottom; but the greater part of its under surface is free and unattached. The usual exhalant and inhalant apertures are clearly seen in the diagrammatic section shown in the woodcut. There is no gill network apparent, but the respiratory sac is flattened out to form a horizontal membrane across the cavity of the body between these apertures. The principal viscera are gathered together into a compact nuclear mass, as in *Salpa*, this nucleus being attached to the under surface of the horizontal membrane. Upon the nucleus lies the nerve ganglion with a globular sense organ in connexion with it. The animal seems to have no immediate affinities among other ascidians, and must be placed in a special family, *Octacnemidae*.

Hardly less important or original are Mr. Moseley's studies of the corals allied to millepora and stylaster, scarcely known before in the living state. He has made special studies of the colouring matter in these and other marine animals collected during the voyage, greatly aided by the spectroscope. Whether afloat or on shore, during the whole cruise of 68,690 miles, his active mind was devoted to the accumulation of knowledge. Nor must it be supposed that his book is a dry repertory of scientific details. On the contrary, we cannot point to any book of travels in our day more vivid in its powers of description, more varied in its subject-matter, or more attractive to every educated reader.

HOW TO LEARN DANISH.*

THE Norwegian comic newspapers perpetuate a type of travelling Englishman which is not very familiar elsewhere. The male of this type has long Piccadilly weepers, trousers of a remarkable check pattern, and an eyeglass stuck hard into his eye; the female is of jaunty appearance and skirts comparatively short, she wears a kind of pseudo-masculine coat buttoned over the chest, and a necktie with a pin. She and her companion are represented in positions of the utmost danger, careless alike of personal risk or personal dignity. He leans over into a waterfall to drink, while she holds him resolutely by the coat-tails; she stands fishing on a rock in the midst of rapids, while he contemplates her from the bank, with his legs swaying over an abyss. Endless fun is extracted from the unconventionality of our dress, from the foolhardy courage of our exploits, from the perfunctory ardour of our admiration of nature, but most of all from our extraordinary ignorance of the language of the people we visit year after year. That *hest* means "horse," and that *strax* means, more or less, "Look

sharp!" these are the limits of the Englishman's knowledge of Norse; so, at least, the Norwegian humourists aver. But this ignorance has a very awkward side, for the Norwegians are a particularly sensitive and self-conscious race. They do not grin and show their teeth with the imperturbable good nature of the Italian; they have as little idea of helping themselves by gesticulation as the Scotch have. They are not amused, they are distressed and enraged, when a party of ignorant Englishmen invade their quiet. The student and townsman can laugh at the eccentricities of the English strangers, but he is himself a stranger in the mountains, and it never occurs to the peasant of Romsdal or Thelemarken to laugh; it is not his way of expressing indignation. Hence, when we hear, as we so often do, bitter complaints of the sluggishness and unfriendliness of the Norse peasant, we may generally conclude that no effort has been made to speak courteously to him in his own tongue; and if tourists will only consent to buy Miss Otté's excellent manual before they leave their homes and inwardly to digest it on the way, they will find the knowledge they have gained of infinite service to them on their travels.

It is quite true that the language spoken in the interior of Norway is not exactly the same as that of which Miss Otté treats. Each of the great districts has a dialect of its own, and a peasant from Gausdal can hardly understand another from Hallingdal better than he can understand an educated man from Christiania. But although these dialects have an extraordinary philological interest, many of them being more closely affiliated to the ancient Icelandic or Old Norse than any modern tongue, yet for practical purposes it is quite enough to know the Danish of newspapers, printed books, and ordinary refined conversation. The scheme for uniting these peasant dialects into one independent Norwegian language has been hotly advocated in Norway in the present generation, but without much support from men of the ripest judgment. Miss Otté has gone a little out of her way, but along a very interesting path, in describing the historical growth of attention to these singular survivals of a more ancient language. Certain Dano-Norwegian authors, and prominently Petter Dass, had introduced Norse words into their writings; but the first person to collect a glossary of these was a priest at Askevoed, who in 1646 published, with much apologetic timidity, a little book which he called *Den Norske Dictionarium*. This contained about a thousand words; and Christen Jensen, the editor, expressed a hope that his little work would soon become the nucleus of more extended philological labours. But there was no response to his appeal for more than a century, when the famous Bishop Pontoppidan printed his *Glossarium Norvegicum* at Bergen, in 1749. These were followed by the less important collections of Ström in 1762, of Wilsen in 1780, and of Hjorthøy in 1785. All these imperfect sources were collected and enlarged by Hallager in his valuable glossary, printed in 1802. But the earliest scientific student of these curious dialects was Markus Schnabel, a priest in the Hardanger, who died at the early age of thirty-six, before he had completed a monograph on the peasant dialect of the Hardanger, which still remains, although a fragment, one of the best treatises existing on the subject. The great authority, however, on the dialects is a writer who was himself born and bred among the peasants of Søndmøre, one of the districts most rich in antique survivals; this is Professor Ivar Aasen, now an elderly man, who has given his whole life, with almost fanatical zeal, to the exposition of the Norwegian dialects. He is the originator of the famous *Maalstræv*, the attempt to enforce the peasant language on the inhabitants of the towns—a scheme which has threatened to become a dangerous political force in the country. In 1848 he led the way with his *Grammar of the Norwegian Popular Speech*, and in 1853 he propounded, in his *Examples of the National Language of Norway*, the scheme he had long designed of supplanting by a language based on the best dialects and the ancient speech of the country the use of the normal Danish written and spoken in the towns. In 1855 he published a comedy, and in 1863 a collection of songs, in this constructed language of his, and, in spite of the obvious artificiality of the project, it has enjoyed a surprising success. But the purely scientific works in philology produced by Professor Aasen deserve more attention than these experiments, and one of them, his *Lexicon of Peasant Norse*, originally published in 1858, and reprinted, with considerable additions in 1873, is a work essential to every student of the tongues connected with our own. Miss Otté justly remarks that "English students will find that his explanations of the strictly local meanings of many obsolete Norwegian words throw considerable light on obscure etymologies in their own language."

But Danish itself is full of amusing surprises for the English student. In that most entertaining branch of philology which discovers the missing link between a word and its primary meaning Danish is particularly rich. Many of the derivatives which our mother-tongue has lost still survive in Dano-Norwegian. "To ban" has a special significance when we know that the verb *at bande* means "to curse." So a stream is *bæk*, exactly like the Cumberland word "beck." Other North-country phrases retain the stamp of the Dane, such as "fell," a mountain, from *Fjeld*; "tarn," a small lake, from *Tjern*; a "jolly" boat, from *Jolle*. Our common verbs "ransack," "score," "egg" on, "cram," "nag," and many more, are so purely Danish that they strike the ear in conversation with a curiously English sound. Especially in the dialects of Jutland, to which Miss Otté does not refer, the similarity in phrase and pronunciation is strongly marked. In some instances we have borrowed a compound word, and have forgotten

* *How to Learn Danish. A Manual for Students of Dano-Norwegian.* By E. C. Otté. London: Trübner & Co.

half its meaning. Thus "buckwheat" is simply a corruption of *Boghvede*, from *bog*, "beech," and *Hvede*, "wheat," the grain being so called from its resemblance to a beech-nut; but this derivation had already been forgotten before we imported the word.

Miss Otté has founded her manual upon that old-fashioned Ollendorffian system at the naïveté of which we are accustomed to laugh, but has nevertheless contrived, even in the beginning of her grammar, to make the exercises interesting; while, when she reaches the stage at which the learner is supposed to be able to read, she introduces him to the gems of Danish literature, first to the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and then to the dramas of Ibsen and the lyrics of Hertz and Christian Winther.

One great difficulty that presents itself to the student of Danish has almost baffled Miss Otté's attempts to explain it—namely, the unsettled orthography of the language. To a beginner the spelling of books and papers seem as wild as was that of English writing in the age of Elizabeth. If you have a friend who is a captain in the navy, you may address him as *Kjære Capitaine* or as *Kære Kaptejn*. You may call your house, *huus* or *hus*; you may address your letters to *Kjöbenhavn* or *Köbenhavn*, to *Christiania* or to *Kristiania*. If you wish to speak of an echo, and do not use the word *Genlyd* (or *Gjenlyd*), you may say *Ekko* or *Echo*, and no one will find fault with you. Some writers cannot away with *x* and the mute *h*, others pin their faith to them religiously; there are those who forswear diphthongs, and there are those who use them upon every possible occasion. This extraordinary confusion is the result of an imperfect system of orthographic reform, only as yet very partially carried out. In the seventeenth century the Danes had a preposterously artificial method of spelling, with needless reduplication of vowels and a multitude of silent consonants. For instance, the simple word *have*, to have, was spelt *haffue*. It occurred to Peder Syv, as it had occurred to the reformers of Spanish orthography, that it was a very foolish thing to represent a simple sound by a conventional symbol consisting of several letters—to represent *v*, for instance, by *ffu*—and he waged constant war against this absurd reduplication. In his great treasury of grammatical learning and philological research—his *Grammatica Danica* of 1685—he demonstrated with much acumen the evils of using modes of construction which were unknown to the Old Norse idiom. His countrymen gratefully entitled him *philologus regius lingue danicæ*, but forebore to correct their corrupt practices. Another grammarian, Rosenqvist Højsgaard, in the next century attempted with but little better success to correct the cumbrous practice of doubling the vowels and of writing *Viin* for *Vin* and *Noord* for *Nord*; and it was Højsgaard who first proposed to substitute for the *aa*, which has nearly the sound of a broad *o*, the letter *å*, which had been used for this sound in Swedish since the middle of the sixteenth century. It was the famous R. K. Rask, however, who in 1825 made the first really scientific effort to secure a phonetic orthography in Danish, not in the pedantic spirit of some recent theorists, but merely so far as to display the relation of modern Dano-Norwegian to Swedish and to the ancient Icelandic. The principles expounded by Rask have, however, unfortunately been adopted only in part by the nation, and the result has been that extraordinary want of uniformity of which we have already spoken. The inconveniences of this universal irregularity became so marked that in 1869 a Congress met at Stockholm with the express purpose of deliberating on the best means of attaining a normal orthography for Norway and Denmark, and of reducing as much as possible the divergence of Swedish from Danish. The system of spelling decided on by the Congress was received with great favour throughout Scandinavia, and it is now highly probable that we may see disappear during our lifetime those absurdities in Danish orthography against which philologists have been vainly battling for more than two centuries.

QUARTER SESSIONS FROM ELIZABETH TO ANNE.*

DRYASDUST himself might find some difficulty in being altogether dull among records concerned with the worthies of Devon, and beginning with the days of Sir Francis Drake. Doubly fortunate are those whom an experienced hand has saved the trouble of going through the winnowing process for themselves; for it would certainly not be easy to imagine a more entertaining as well as instructive compilation of its kind than that with which Mr. Hamilton has presented us. Out of an abundance of materials which from the nature of the case were anything but uniformly inviting he has, with a discrimination such as many a more ambitious historian might envy, selected not a little that is new and nothing but what is, in one way or another, characteristic; and he has thus made a really valuable contribution to the literature illustrating the progress of our national life. If we could find it in our heart to quarrel with him on the present occasion, it would only be on account of an excessive sprightliness of style which he may possibly have originally adopted as a matter of duty, but to which he seems to have bound himself as a not altogether unwillful victim. Every one knows the slightly patriarchal, if indubitably wholesome, flavour of the jests by which readers of papers at archaeological meetings are wont to relieve the stream of details flowing from their learned lips, causing their grateful audiences to laugh

with chastened, if not necessarily counterfeited, glee. Perhaps these sketches were originally written as contributions to a monthly magazine; or perhaps a tendency to be mildly jocular is inseparable from attempts to popularize what are generally deemed dry subjects; at all events, Mr. Hamilton is so ready with his quips that we were inclined to cry mercy some time before we had reached the padding at the end of his book. We refrain from reproducing any of these gentle witticisms, to which taken separately it would indeed be harsh to object; but enough is as good as a feast even of such honest dainties.

The design of this little volume strikes us as an admirably felicitous one. Executed on a larger scale, any attempt to give a picture of the activity of English justices of the peace during a period extending over nearly a century and a half could hardly have failed to weary all but professed antiquarian readers. As Mr. Hamilton observes, we find in these county records a constant recurrence of entries on certain subjects with regard to which little if any variation appears to be produced by the course of time. "Orders relating to bridges and settlements and appeals in cases of affiliation are common in every reign, from that of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria." Nor, on the other hand, is much discrepancy to be looked for between the experiences of different English counties in the same periods of our history, so long as they are counties of the ordinary type, to be reckoned among "the more civilized parts of the land." Mr. Hamilton, therefore, judged well in arranging his compilation after such a fashion as, without obscuring the continuity of many features in English county life, to bring out with special clearness those characteristics which distinguish its successive periods from one another. Thus:—

Entries respecting "purveyance" and "privy seals" distinguish the reign of the Virgin Queen. Persecutions of "Popish recusants" are most frequent under James I. The Civil War overshadows everything else in the reign of his son. Indictments for profaneness and immorality are characteristic of the Commonwealth. The entries which especially distinguish the reign of Charles II. are, as might be expected, of a very different character. They relate to the persecution of Protestant Nonconformists, and to the imposition of the hearth tax.

The records of the county of Devon, from which Mr. Hamilton has chiefly drawn his illustrations, have not only a special interest of their own for students of the Elizabethan age, but they also, as it fortunately happens, begin at an earlier period, and are fuller in detail, than those of any other county with which he is acquainted. In very few counties are the earliest of these records older than the time of the Civil War; in Devonshire they commence as far back as 1592. Though, as Mr. Hamilton is informed, Cheshire, Westmoreland, and Wilts likewise boast records extending back to the reign of Elizabeth, it is certainly curious how little attention has, as a rule, been paid to the preservation of these materials and monuments of history in former ages. It is clear that the clerks of the peace in Devonshire, at all events, cared little about the use to which posterity might put their Sessions' books. They kept them in a careless, haphazard sort of way, not even beginning a new volume with a new reign, such as that of King James I.; not carrying to its conclusion the notice of a transaction in which the county was so deeply interested as that of the benevolence of 1614-15; not stating the amount of the subscription to the King of Bohemia's loan, adopted by the Court of Quarter Sessions in 1620, and so forth. Still the mere illustrations of general English political history to be gleaned from Mr. Hamilton's selections are numerous and full of interest; and in the latter part of his volume he has judiciously varied his Devonshire extracts by others from the records of the county of Bucks, whose history presents so many contrasts to that of the Western county. For, on the whole, loyalty was long the most marked feature in the political physiognomy of Devonshire, from the days of the Armada to those of the Civil War; and if she welcomed the Dutch deliverer in 1688, it was because King James had driven conservative feeling (as Mr. Hamilton rightly says) into a choice between the Church and himself. It is interesting to find in 1690, after Beachy Head, the enthusiasm of the Armada days repeating itself among the descendants of those who had of old upheld the cause of Elizabeth and England, and "Drakes, Prideauxes, and Rolles, Powell of Fowelscombe, and Fulford of Fulford, Sir Bouchier Wrey of Tawstock Park, and Sir William Courtenay of Powderham Castle," taking the field at the head of their tenantry. But the feeling of the county was mainly Tory all the same, and on the whole Puritans and Puritanism had never found a very congenial soil in Devonshire. Thus in 1645 we meet with an emphatic complaint on the part of a sturdy Roundhead officer commanding the garrison at Peamore, that he wants two things "respecting his inward and outward condition"—

the one, a Preacher like Mr. Stirry, the other, a cup of London Beer. There is a scarcity of the former here, and the latter not to be had, only a little sowre Syder. If ever I return to London again, I shall (through the Grace of God) endeavour to have an higher esteem of those precious opportunities which are there.

Bucks, on the other hand, as is well known, long remained a centre of Puritan and afterwards of Whig opinions and sentiment, and Mr. Hamilton cites a pathetic note entered in the parish register of Amersham by the rector early in the eighteenth century, reckoning up with reference to his neighbourhood the Oliverian element whereby "ye wholecountry was kept in awe, and became exceedingly zealous and very fanatical, nor is ye poison yet eradicated. But ye Whartons," adds the good man in a more hopeful spirit, "are gone and ye Hampdens agoing."

* *Quarter Sessions from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne: Illustrations of Local Government and History drawn from Original Records (chiefly of the County of Devon).* By A. H. A. Hamilton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

As is well known, and as Mr. Hamilton reminds us in his preface, the importance of the affairs transacted at Quarter Sessions has been continually on the decrease; and the further we go back among the records from which he has gathered his illustrations, the higher is the degree of interest aroused by them. In Queen Elizabeth's days the jurisdiction of the justices in civil matters extended to questions of title, and in criminal matters included the power of life and death; nor does there appear to have been any substantial difference of jurisdiction between Sessions and Assizes. "The spacious times of great Elizabeth" had so deeply agitated society both at home and abroad, and by their wars and rumours of wars had added so largely to the adventurous and vagrant elements in the population, that we cannot wonder at the Draconic rigour by which it was sought from time to time to repress these. The few statistics given on this head by Mr. Hamilton are interesting, and suggest some curious speculations as to the relations between the progress of culture and that of humanity in the narrower sense of the term. In Germany, the period of a widespread intellectual awakening at the close of the middle ages was likewise a period in which the punishment of death was inflicted, if not with greater frequency, at least with greater cruelty, than at almost any other time. In England in the year 1598—a year when the glories of the great Elizabethan age were at their height—seventy-four persons were sentenced to be hanged in a single county within twelve months; so that, "as it may be supposed that most of them were young, if a similar ratio prevailed in other counties the numbers executed must have seriously affected the increase of the population." Yet a Somersetshire justice, writing in 1596, and stating that in his county forty persons had been executed in the course of one year, deprecates the fact that four-fifths of the felonies committed there had escaped trial. Some felons were reprieved for service in the Queen's galleys (an institution to which, as Mr. Hamilton notes, Macaulay erroneously thought England to have remained a stranger till the times of Louis XIV.); and the county was charged, greatly to its discontent, with an annual 3*l.* a head for their maintenance by the Lords of the Council.

Of the burdens imposed by the Crown upon the counties, however, the most intolerable was that of "benevolences," which reached its height in the bad days of King James I., after having vexed the souls of the lieges of both Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns. It is known how the ingenious substitution by Richard III. of forced loans for forced gifts (which former he was, by circumstances over which he had no control, prevented from repaying) led to both methods being impartially adopted by his successors; and Mr. Hamilton shows how under Elizabeth "more direct intimidation than is generally supposed was employed in compelling wealthy persons to lend their money to the Queen." "It" runs the letter of the Lords of the Council, "any person shall refuse to be bound according to these letters, you shall certify their names to us at the days appointed for their appearance, before which day you shall likewise signify unto us the manner of their ill-behaviour and contempt herein, so as at the time of their appearance such order may be taken with them as their contempt and delays in this so necessary a service to Her Majesty and the realm deserveth." But there can be no doubt that these exactions acquired a still more serious significance in the following reign. Mr. Hamilton quotes the letter of the Council ordering a benevolence issued in 1614, after the dissolution of that "Addled" Parliament from which the King had failed to obtain a single shilling; and it is curious enough that among the signatures of the Lords should be that of Sir Edward Coke, who, as Mr. Hamilton observes, is said at one time to have given an opinion adverse to the legality of benevolences. This opinion, however, as Hallam shows by a reference to the Reports, he afterwards revoked; and in any case no special importance attaches to any particular signature, since "under Elizabeth and James it seems to have been the practice for the whole Council to sign almost every public document." What degree of freedom its members reserved to themselves for their private comments on resolutions in which they had had a formal share necessarily remains unrecorded. The order for a benevolence issued in 1614 was strongly protested against by the Devon justices in a letter signed by no less than thirty of their number, on the phraseology of which, we think, Mr. Hamilton is perhaps unnecessarily severe. The protest was blandly rejected, but unfortunately no notice remains of the amount actually collected. When, after the Parliamentary failure of 1621, the Government of James I. once more had recourse to the expedient of a benevolence, it is noteworthy that the request or demand is made, as Mr. Hamilton points out, with increased confidence of tone. The King openly blames his Parliament for its illiberality in failing to supply him with means sufficient for the recovery of the Palatinate—a charge which, if we remember right, is fairly borne out by Mr. Gardiner's recent narrative of the proceedings of the Session; and goes on to bid the magistrates "return unto us by the 10th of June next a schedule of the names of such as shall contribute, and the sums given by them, that his Majesty may take notice of the good inclination of his subjects in a case of such importance, as likewise of such others (if any be) that out of obstinacy or disaffection shall refuse to contribute herein." On this occasion again, though it appears that twenty-seven of the principal gentlemen of the county, being half of the entire body of justices, contributed a total of 233*l.* 10*s.*, the amount collected from the whole county remains unknown. It cannot, however, have been other than relatively small; and, indeed, it is certain

that the money of the country was hard to come at in the days of James I. and of his son, largely though wealth had increased since the Tudor days of readier self-sacrifice.

A burden felt with less individual soreness was that of Purveyance, concerning which in Queen Elizabeth's times Mr. Hamilton has some curious details, and which was increased during the reign of Charles I. Of monopolies we hear nothing in Devon in the Stuart period; and the imposition of shipmoney was naturally not felt as a novelty here. On the other hand, no county can have more severely suffered from the billeting of soldiers and sailors upon its inhabitants in the reckless period of Buckingham's ascendancy—the cost being defrayed by a rate upon the county, and this again repaid by means of a forced loan raised in the county itself. "What, say the people, will His Majesty make war without provision of treasure, or must our county bear the charge for all England? Is it not enough that we undergo the trouble of the insolent soldiers in our houses, their robberies and misdemeanours, but that we must maintain them, too, at our own cost?" Yet the loyalty of Devonshire was not eradicated by this mischievous blundering; and, after the days of Oliver's Protectorate and of Desborough's major-generalship had come to an end, it was an address of the Devonshire justices which appears to have given rise to the recall of the secluded members of the Long Parliament, although an unfavourable answer was in the first instance returned to it by the Devonshire man in whose hands the destinies of England then lay—General Monk. After the Restoration (which, by the way, is marked in the Sessions' books by a revival of the use, or abuse, of the Latin tongue) the loyal spirit of the Devonshire justices finds at least one occasion of manifesting itself, when, on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, they vote ten pounds as a thankoffering, to be expended in decent seats in the chapel at Exeter Castle for the justices themselves, together with six pounds for four services and sermons on the duty of obedience, to be held and preached at Quarter Sessions. But, though on the same occasion a reward of forty shillings was offered for the securing of any Nonconformist preacher, the time was already at hand when a common grievance and a common fear were to unite high and low, Churchmen and Dissenters, against the rule of the last Stuart King. The hearth-tax and the fear of Rome together consumed the long-enduring loyalty of Devonshire to the House of Stuart. Happily, when the new reign brought its Act of Toleration, though that Act, as Mr. Hamilton points out, expressly excluded Roman Catholic recusants from its benefits, yet practically the blessed effects of the spirit of toleration extended beyond the sphere contemplated by the authors of the measure, and "we find little or nothing from this time forward about the prosecution of any person in Devonshire for his religious opinions or observances."

This little volume is full of many matters nearly, if not quite, equal in interest to those to which we have adverted; and of the humours of his subject Mr. Hamilton is, as we have observed, a more than adequate interpreter. We hope he has further books of the kind in store for us; since he is one of those explorers who never trouble themselves or instruct their public in vain.

AIRY FAIRY LILIAN.*

WE confess to a total want of sympathy with books of the kind whereof *Airy Fairy Lilian* is a striking example. Why they are written at all, and why, being written, they are published, is a problem which we are always trying to solve and to which we can never find an answer. Neither in plot nor in character have they the smallest interest or the faintest spark of genius; no likelihood of action rouses our sympathy, no elevation of thought claims our respect. They are as dull as they are improbable, as flat as they are ignoble. When we have finished the regulation three volumes, we feel as if we had been toiling over a barren waste where there was neither beauty of surrounding prospect nor ultimate object to be attained. If the intellect of the reading public is to be judged by the standard of such work as this, we fear we must discard all belief in national progress for this generation. Even if the workmanship were meritorious, it is usually a mistake in art for a novelist to take a well-known poem out of its original setting and transfer it to his own framework. The poem which the present author has appropriated as the peg whereon to hang her washy prose, the miniature of delicate and subtle work which she has set herself to enlarge to life-size, is complete in itself, and of exquisite finish. It seems almost an impertinence to say this. What, then, must it be to take this tender, dainty, suggestive sketch, and daub it over with the coarse brickdust and whitewash of this writer's studio, broadening out the musical little madrigal into three octavo volumes, the interspaces filled up by prosaic details of domestic life, told with an amount of verbiage and silliness surpassing even all which this odious school of folly and sensuality combined has yet put forth?

The author of *Airy Fairy Lilian* is not happy in her heroines. Lilian, who has no more right to her name than has pewter to be called silver, is a girl of whom a spiteful spinster or a severe matron would be sure to say, "I should like to give her a good shaking." She is of the spring-jointed kind, which either rushes or runs, either skips or dances, but rarely walks; and when it does, being under five feet and slender in proportion, walks with the affected solemnity

* *Airy Fairy Lilian*. By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

of a queen in a state procession. Of the humming-bird and butterfly sort, this notable heroine is fond of putting on the airs of pride and majesty, of offended dignity and womanly reserve, to vary the enchanting simplicity or provoking archness, the infantile insouciance, bewildering naughtiness, or irresistible coaxing, wherewith she captivates her guardian, Sir Guy Chetwoode, and turns the heads of Taffy and Archibald, and half-a-dozen others of either sex. We have scene upon scene of Lillian's ridiculous affectations till we weary of the theme, and long for a little human nature as a relief from a gingerbread figure smeared with jam and stuck over with gold leaf. Yet, with all her seductive charms and delightful caprices, this fairy creature can be vulgar as well as insolent, coarse as well as spiteful. This last quality she shows in full measure to Florence, the author's *bête noire*, as she puts it, but substantially a more rational and less detestable creature than her rival; the first she shall prove for herself. "Oh, *hang* those midges!" is one of her pleasant phrases; and then she "opens her eyes wide" at the laughter of her hearers:—"Have I said anything very *bizarre*?" Another choice specimen is when she says, "with a distinct imitation of Kate Santley," "You don't take any bobs off my wages"; and "What a taradiddle!" may come in as third from among twenty more of the kind. The occasion on which she gives utterance to this last flower of speech is too rich to be passed over. It is one of the characteristic passages of the book, and begins thus:—"Nurse, wash my hair," says Lillian. "After some ineffable rubbish in the shape of poetical reflections, heavy padding about the golden sunlight and the mulioned windows, the 'inviolable quietness' in all the air," and the late roses which Lillian kisses and caresses and speaks to as if they were friends:—"La, my dear," says Mrs. Tipping, "it is only four days since I washed it before." "Never mind, Ninny, wash it again," says Lillian. "And, Nurse, be sure now, coaxingly, you put plenty of soda in the water." "What, and rot all your pretty locks?" Not I, indeed! says Nurse, with much determination. But as Nurse, like every one else, spoils the fairy, she does put soda into the water, and then Lillian kisses her, and with her hair all streaming down her back rushes into the garden, and to her young, good-looking, unmarried guardian's room. This room is described with characteristic good taste and delicacy:—

Sir Guy's den is the most desirable room in the house—the cosiest, the oddest, the most interesting. Looking at it, one guesses instinctively how addicted to all pretty things the owner is, from women down to less costly *bijouterie*.

Lovely landscapes adorn the walls side by side with Grentze-like faces, angelic in expression—unlike in appearance. There are a few portraits of beauties well known in the London and Paris worlds, frail as they are fair, false as they are *piquante*, whose garments (to do him justice) are distinctly decent, perhaps more so than their characters. But then—indeed, they have gone out of fashion.

There are two or three lounges, some priceless statuettes, a few bits of *bric-a-brac* worth their weight in gold, innumerable yellow-backed volumes by Paul de Kock and his fellows, chairs of all shapes and sizes, one more comfortable and inviting than the other, enough meerschaum pipes, and cigarette holders, and tobacco stands to stock a small shop, a couple of dogs snoozing peacefully upon the hearthrug, under the mistaken impression that a fire is burning in the grate, a writing-table, and before it Sir Guy. These are the principal things that attract Lillian's attention, as she gazes in, with her silken hair streaming behind her in the light breeze.

On the wall she cannot see, there are a few hunters by Herring, a copy of Millais' "Yes or No"; a good deal of stable-ware; and beneath them on a table, more pipes, cheroots, and boxes of cigars, mixed up with straw-covered bottles of perfume, thrust rather ignominiously into a corner.

And this is the person who enters it:—

A shadow falling across the paper on which he is writing, Guy raises his head, to see a fairy vision staring in at him—a little slight figure, clothed in airy black with daintiest lace frillings at the throat and wrists, and with a wealth of golden hair brought purposely all over her face, letting only the laughing sapphire eyes, blue as the skies above her, gleam out from amongst it.

"Open the door, oh Hermit, and let a poor wanderer in," croons this fairy in properly saddened tones.

Rising gladly, he throws wide the window to her, whereupon she steps into the room still with her face hidden.

"You come?" asks he, in a deferential tone.

"To know what you are doing, and what can keep you indoors this exquisite day. Do you remember how late in the season it is? and that you are slighting Nature? She will be angry, and will visit you with storms and drooping flowers, if you persist in flouting her. Come out. Come out."

"Who are you?" asks Guy. "Are you Flora?" He parts her hair gently and throws it back over her shoulders. "I thought you a nymph—a fairy—a small goddess, and —"

"And behold it is only Lillian! Naughty Lillian! Are you disappointed, Sir Guardian?" She laughs, and running her fingers through all her amber locks, spreading them out on either side of her like a silken veil, that extends as far as her arms can reach. She is lovely, radiant, bright as the day itself, fairer than the lazy flowers.

And the "taradiddle" in question is uttered when Sir Guy tells Lillian that she does not come up to his shoulder, and Lillian orders Sir Guy to "get off that table directly," when she will convince him that she does. At which moment Guy has a strong desire to strain her passionately to his heart, but he does not. It is not all sunshine and love-making between these two—now the gift of a diamond ring and a box of bon-bons from "guardy," and now the snatching of kisses with more or less of the right amount of burning, &c., in them. There are sometimes violent quarrels; when she breaks the china, stamps her foot, tells Sir Guy that she *hates* him—we do not want for italics in *Airy Fairy Lillian*—and goes through the whole cycle of childish naughtiness and tragedy-queen airs combined; while he breathes uncomfortably, and has at one moment the strongest inclination to box her ears, and at another the wildest desire to take her in his arms and

kiss her. For there is an infinite amount of kissing in this book. With these love-makings and quarrels, her provocations and his misgivings, there is the episode of a sprained ankle where Lillian makes "guardy" first angry, and then enraptured by her coquetry as he is carrying her in his arms downstairs, so that "it is with difficulty he keeps himself from straining her to his heart, and pressing his lips upon the beautiful childish mouth upheld to him."

Sir Guy has a younger brother, one Cyril, who only does not fall in love with Lillian because he has fallen in love with some one else, with whom he also goes through an immense amount of kissing, and straining, and all the rest of it. His manners, however, to the "fairy" are as odd as his method of amusing her by reading aloud the details of a celebrated divorce case then before the public. The author adds the word "decent" as a qualifying clause; but we leave the reader to form his own estimate of the taste, to say nothing stronger, which could make such a thing possible between a young man of ordinary delicacy and a young girl of average modesty.

Another of the author's characteristic little touches is the manner in which she introduces Lillian to her cousin Archibald, who, by having inherited her father's estate, is the real cause why she is now at Chetwoode under the guardianship of handsome, stalwart, inflammable Sir Guy. On the day when Archibald is to come Lillian dresses herself "in a marvellous robe of black velvet—cut à la princesse, simply fashioned, fitting à merveille." It is a little open at the throat to show her neck, and "has sleeves very tight, and ending at the elbow, from which rich folds of Mechlin lace hang downwards." She wears a black velvet band and three strings of pearls round her throat, and "in her amber hair a single white rose nestles sleepily." Thus arrayed for the avowed purpose of subduing by love and admiration the unknown cousin, she sallies forth to the bedroom of her old playmate Taffy Musgrave, now a young man and a dragoon. "Turning the handle of the door, Lillian enters, to find Mr. Musgrave, in his shirt sleeves, before a long mirror, struggling with his hair, which is combed straight over his forehead." "It won't come right," he says, casting a heart-rending glance at Lillian, who laughs with most reprehensible cruelty, considering the situation. "Here, bend your head, you hopeless boy, and I will do it for you," she says. Whereupon Taffy goes down on his knees to her and she parts his hair. When she has finished, she puts herself into an attitude and asks how he likes her dress, and he informs her that he "calls that rig-out downright fetching." After more elegant banter of the same kind, Lillian suddenly discovers that some one else is in the room—"a man, with a brush suspended from each hand," "a real *bond fide* creature of flesh and blood—a young man, tall, broad-shouldered, and very dark." This is her cousin Archibald, who of course falls in love with her; when there are the usual stock of insane jealousies and misunderstandings. All comes right, however, by the time the story ends; but everything that happens might have remained just where it is in the book without dragging in this disagreeable incident of a young girl of nineteen going into a young man's room when he is dressing, combing his hair for him as if he were a child, posturing before the glass to see how her gown fits, and finally encountering another young man in the same place, half-dressed, and with his hair-brushes in his hands.

For the rest, there is a perfectly beautiful young widow, whose husband threatens to turn up again, but, thinking better of it, quietly goes back to annihilation; this is the young lady whom Cyril strains to his heart and kisses whenever he has the chance. There is a certain spiteful *intrigante*, who loves Sir Guy, and wants to prejudice him against Lillian, but who is really the better person of the two; and there is Lady Chetwoode, whose weak personality makes all these odd proceedings possible. The book is written with a mixture of slang, interlarded with French words where English ones would do far better, which is equally silly and disagreeable; and of course there is the usual allowance of superfine sentiment and mock heroics.

MINOR NOTICES.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD and Co. are publishing a series of Lives of "Men and Women of Action," which has been begun by Mr. Walter Besant with a Life of the great Coligny (1). In undertaking this task Mr. Besant had a comparatively open field, of which he has availed himself to the best advantage. Mr. Besant, in a short and pertinent preface, says that he believes he is right in stating that no Life of Coligny has yet been published in England; and we certainly have never come across or heard of such a Life. Yet Coligny's career is not only full of interest in itself, but is of great historical importance. He was practically the head, so far as action went, of the great Reformation movement which was checked by the St. Bartholomew massacre; he was, as Mr. Besant fairly claims, the inventor of military discipline and of a system of field-hospitals; in planning the ill-fated colonization of Brazil he "set on foot the first attempt at realizing a dream which, for completeness, originality, and audacity, no other statesman in history has ever yet surpassed"; and his private life was as blameless as his public career was distinguished. "In truth," says Mr. Besant in a passage which sums up the great qualities of Coligny, "there is no grander figure in the sixteenth century than that of the great Admiral. One thinks of him as

(1) *The New Plutarch—Gaspard de Coligny.* By Walter Besant, M.A. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

grave, but not stern; severe in speech, simple in life, but no bigot; sadly working at what lies before him to be done, yet always hoping for better things; trusted by all alike, friend and foe; trusting all in turn, save when he could trust no longer; always believing the best of everybody; never afraid, never cast down, never losing his hold on hope, faith, and charity; his mind continually full of high and lofty things." Mr. Besant has consulted every possible authority concerning the character and deeds of Coligny, and the result of his labour is a volume from which a reader may in an hour or two acquire in the pleasantest way a great deal of knowledge concerning one of the most stirring times of history and one of its principal figures. The author is perhaps unduly bitter against the Roman Catholic priesthood; but, considering his subject, it is not unnatural that he should be led away into attaching to a whole body the odium of the crimes committed by a certain section of it at a certain time. Mr. Besant has not confined himself strictly to the treatment of events in which Coligny had a direct share, and there is good reason to be glad of this; for one of the most interesting passages in his book relates the surprising feat of arms performed by Dominique de Gourgues, who, when France refused to avenge the infamous treachery and cruelty practised towards the French colonists of Florida by the Spaniard Menendez, took the task upon himself, and acquitted himself of it with a thoroughness which was characteristic of the time. A deliberate breach of faith had been employed to make possible a massacre of the most barbarous kind by the Spaniards, who, when De Gourgues set out, held Fort Caroline with a force which at starting had numbered two thousand six hundred, and which had suffered comparatively little. De Gourgues set out to punish the Spaniards' infamous conduct with three small ships and less than two hundred men. He succeeded in landing, and, with the help of the Floridians, he retook the fort, and hanged the sixty men who were left alive in it. This to modern ideas is a brutal proceeding; but it was angelic mercy compared with what the Spaniards had done before to their French prisoners, whom they had taken, not by force of arms, but by deliberately lying promises. For this act of rough justice De Gourgues would have been given up to the King of Spain but for the intervention of Coligny. Mr. Besant's work is, as we have indicated, full of a varied interest, and, with the one exception referred to above, is written with an impartiality which may be instanced by the fact that he fully recognizes the great qualities possessed by Guise.

Messrs. Warne and Co. issue a new edition of that most delightful work *Pepys's Diary* (2). The book is well got up and printed, but we could wish it were a less faithful reprint of a former edition published by the same firm. In p. 517 of both these editions will be found this curious passage relating to a visit to Oxford:—"I out with the landlord to Brazennose College to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the child of Hales, long butler, 2s." In both editions there is a feeble attempt at explanation of this in the foot-note, "Does this mean 'Slipped 2s. into the child's hand'?" Some time ago the passage was satisfactorily explained by a correspondent of, if we remember rightly, *Notes and Queries*, who had discovered that it referred to a gigantic hand exhibited as a curiosity. It is, of course, possible that whoever is responsible for the present edition has seen and rejected this explanation, but it was certainly incumbent on him to append it to the futile suggestion now repeated.

As a companion volume to that just noticed we have the equally interesting, if less amusing, diary of Evelyn (3) in which one of the latest entries is, "This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England excelling him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed thro' all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity."

Mr. Pepys had been for neere 40 years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me compleat mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies; but my indisposition hinder'd me from doing him this last office."

A new and more portable edition has appeared of Mrs. Brassey's attractive book *The Voyage in the "Sunbeam"* (4). The letter-press has been only slightly curtailed, and a large number of the illustrations are retained.

The idea of the series of *Lives of "The Great Artists"* (5) begun by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. is by no means a bad one, and it is well enough carried out by the letter-press of the two little volumes on Titian and Rembrandt which are before us. If the enterprise had been confined to letter-press there might have been little to quarrel with. But, with a laudable design to spread information as to the character of great painters' pictures as well as of their lives and methods, the undertakers of the series have caused to be printed what pass for reproductions on a small scale of the painters' works; and these reproductions are most markedly unfortunate. It is an open question whether much can be done to serve the

interests of art by putting forth to represent the great masters things which are as like their originals as a satyr to Hyperion.

Mr. Kent's three volumes of translations of certain stories by Balzac (6) are far above the ordinary run of so-called translations. Too often "translating" means hammering out foreign phrases into English, with such results as (this is a sentence which occurs in a play still accepted on the English stage):—"Madam, you treat me like a scholar" (en écolier); or, if the translator has some dim notion of giving idiom for idiom:—"He went out by the garden door, and took the key with him" (il a pris la clef des champs). These are not such extreme cases as they might be thought by people who have not had to go through the painful duty of reading many translations of light literature from foreign tongues. Mr. Kent's volumes are a welcome contrast to such stuff as this. He has done his work with perception and skill; he has given a real equivalent in English for French expressions, except when, with a perhaps needless modesty, he has chosen to retain in the original such a phrase as *chef-d'œuvre*, which is, to be sure, as much part of the English language as *club* or *high-life* is of the French.

Mr. Dickens has achieved a most remarkable feat in the production of his *London Handbook* (7), which is as useful as it is "unconventional," and which begins with an explanation of the mysterious term A 1 (Lloyd's) and ends with Zoological Gardens. The work is probably the best practical guide-book to London which has yet appeared. The various, one might say the innumerable, subjects treated of are arranged in alphabetical order; and from the steps to be taken by a person who wishes to conceal a black eye to, for instance, the regulations of the University of London, there is hardly a point that it is likely to interest a visitor to London untouched. Londoners themselves will possibly learn more that is new to them from Mr. Dickens's Dictionary than country people will, inasmuch as people constantly neglect things which are close at hand merely because they feel that they can make acquaintance with them with the very smallest amount of trouble at a moment's notice. Mr. Dickens's really wonderful compilation is full of information upon such affairs as people who have them always under their eyes are apt to forget, and of "savvy" which will be useful alike to inhabitants and to strangers. For instance, we find on the same page an account of Lambeth Palace and Lambeth Bridge, and an indication to "Ladies Shopping," of the best ways which they can adopt for procuring luncheon without interrupting the work they have in hand. "Householders" may be somewhat appalled at the revelation of the numerous dangers which beset them; but every one of Mr. Dickens's warnings given under this head is worth attention. There is hardly a "dodge" which the writer of the article on this matter is not up to; and in connexion with this we may call attention to the article headed "Police," which contains several important and generally unknown pieces of information, obtained from headquarters. As to maps, directions concerning cabs, omnibuses, tramways, and so on, there is certainly no want of them. The publication of a work containing such a quantity of accurate and varied information, under the modest guise of an ordinary handbook, may be regarded as a triumph of enterprise.

Principal Shairp's contribution to Mr. John Morley's series of *English Men of Letters* (8) is a welcome addition to the number of books already in existence concerning the great Scotch poet. It is written in a clear and easy style, and conveys a vivid impression of the man and of his work. In a final chapter Principal Shairp has some good remarks upon Burns's character. He observes that, given a man with two opposing natures, the one noble and pure, the other wild and debased, and a weak will to balance them, there can be little doubt what the result will be. "From earliest manhood till the close, flesh and spirit were waging within him interminable war, and who shall say which had the victory? . . . Some would even go so far as to claim honour for him, not only as Scotland's greatest poet, but as one of the best men she has produced. Those who thus try to canonize Burns are no true friends to his memory. They do but challenge the counter-verdict, and force men to recall facts which, if they cannot forget, they would fain leave in silence. These moral defects it is ours to know; it is not ours to judge him who had them."

Mr. Green's object in compiling his *Readings from English History* (9) was an excellent one. He had observed that many boys and girls shunned history as a dry and uninteresting study, and he had come to the conclusion from examining a quantity of historical text-books that the boys and girls were not much to blame. They were crammed with dry bones of facts from which the life had been taken away. They were made to remember names with which they had no such associations as they had with the names of living people. "History," says Mr. Green, "as we give it to our children is literally 'an old almanack,' and is as serviceable as an old almanack in quickening their wits or in rousing their interest." Mr. Green is acquainted with a distinguished schoolmistress who has met this difficulty by reading

(6) *The Cat and Bottledore; and Other Tales.* By Honoré de Balzac. Translated into English by Philip Kent. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(7) *Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1879: an Unconventional Handbook.* London: Charles Dickens, "All the Year Round" Office, 25 Wellington Street.

(8) *English Men of Letters.—Burns.* By Principal Shairp. London: Macmillan & Co.

(9) *Readings from English History.* Selected and Edited by John Richard Green. Part I. From Hengest to Cressy. Part II. From Cressy to Cromwell. Part III. From Cromwell to Balaklava. London: Macmillan & Co.

(2) *The Chandos Classics.—The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq.; with Memoir.* Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke. London: Warne & Co.

(3) *The Diary of John Evelyn, Esq.; with Memoir.* Edited by William Bray, Esq. London: Warne & Co.

(4) *A Voyage in the "Sunbeam."* By Mrs. Brassey. With 66 Illustrations engraved on wood by G. Pearson, chiefly after drawings by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham. London: Longmans & Co.

(5) *The Great Artists.—Titian.* By Richard Ford Heath. *Rembrandt.* By John W. Mollett. London: Sampson Low & Co.

to her classes "passages from the greater historians illustrative of some event in the time which they are studying, and weaving these extracts into a continuous story by a few words at their opening and close." This is an excellent plan, but it involves the possession of a large historical library; and Mr. Green's volumes have been compiled to supply the wants of teachers who have not this possession. It is needless to say that the extracts are admirably selected and woven together. The books are sure to be both useful and popular.

On the title-page of *Martin Luther: a Tragedy, in Five Acts* (10), M. Lopez, one of its authors, is described as "Collaborateur de Scribe, Méry, Auguste Lefranc, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas père, Victor Séjour, Alboize, Charles Desnoyer, Gérard de Nerval, Duperty, Laurencin, Grangé, Hippolyte, Cogniard, Lelarge, Delacour, Varin, Charles Narrey, Rochefort père, Dumanoir, Clairville et Saint Georges." This is "a simple coming in for one man." Possibly collaboration grows upon one like bad habits; or possibly M. Lopez has substituted the profession of a collaborateur for the decayed one of a quatorzième. Some such reason must be found to account for his appearance as one of the authors of *Martin Luther*. This singular work has prefixed to it a preface consisting of eighteen letters interchanged between the authors. The first one begins with "Dear Sir," the last with "My dear Lopez." It is charming to see how friendship gradually grows up as the letters go on; and not less charming to learn from them how Mr. Moore suffered in crossing the Channel, and how some scenes of *Luther* which he read to his friends were greatly admired, and how M. Lopez's nephew married a Jewess. It is only fair to M. Lopez to note that he was opposed to the idea of writing a preface at all, and that there is nothing to show that he was consulted on the propriety of trivial details of his private life being held up for public inspection by way of introduction to a five-act tragedy. For the convenience of managers who may wish to produce the play, the authors have placed before their preface a note, in which they say that they "think it as well to give directions as to how the parts can be doubled to meet the convenience of theatres where the company is limited." As there are thirty characters with names, as well as electors, knights, innkeepers, miners, iconoclasts, anabaptists, citizens, and peasants of Rome and Germany, this was certainly a considerate act on the part of Messrs. Moore and Lopez, who have further made the startling discovery that "as to the supernumeraries, it is obvious that in different costumes one set may serve throughout the piece." Persons suffering from depression and standing in need of exhilaration may safely be recommended to dip into the preface, at any rate, of *Martin Luther*, which, among other agreeable news, contains the information that certain poems of Mr. Moore's, bearing strange titles, will shortly "be given to the world in defiance of Mrs. Grundy, in a handsomely bound square volume, entitled, 'Roses of Midnight.'

The useful little book called *Who Wrote It?* (11) is a revised and enlarged edition of a work now out of print called *Where Is It?* The volume is composed of poetical quotations all arranged alphabetically, and has indices to the subjects, principal words, and authors' names. It should do much to correct the habit of misquotation into which it is easy to fall. How many people are there who know that they are misquoting when they talk of supping full of horrors, or of making assurance doubly sure?

The preface to the volume compiled of the sweepings from the commonplace book of the late Mr. Guard (12) informs us, after a laboured simile concerning an "ever-swelling tide of intellectual outpouring," that "so in this volume many a jaded brain and weary thinker may find pleasurable respite from everyday toil while sauntering among this choice collection of literary flowers." It has been said that everything is possible except gunpowder ashes; and although we ourselves should not attempt to solace a jaded brain in this fashion, other people may be of a different opinion. But it is rather hard on the late Mr. Guard to offer as "literary flowers" in his choice collection such things as these:—"Why is a sculptor sure to die a violent death? Because he makes faces and busts"; and "Shibboleth—the watchword of a party." Judges xii. 6.

The *Angler's Diary* (13) contains every kind of information that a fisherman can want, in a most convenient and portable form.

Last year we called attention to the merits of the then novel *Country Diary* (14). We need only say of this year's issue that it contains certain improvements upon that of last year.

"A Barrister" is opposed to capital punishment (15), and he has put his arguments very well and lucidly in an interesting little pamphlet.

(10) *Martin Luther: a Tragedy, in Five Acts*. By George Moore and Bernard Lopez. London: Remington & Co.

(11) *Who Wrote It? a Dictionary of Common Poetical Quotations in the English Language*. London: George Bell & Sons.

(12) *Five Minutes to Spare; being Extracts on varied Subjects from the Every-day Book of the late Rev. John Guard*. Hatchard.

(13) *The Angler's Diary and Fisherman's Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of the World*. By J. E. B. C., Editor of the "Shooter's Diary," &c. London: "Field" Office. 1879.

(14) *The Country Pocket Book and Diary, 1879*. London: "The Country" Office.

(15) *Capital Punishment: from an Utilitarian Point of View*. By a Barrister, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Mitchell & Sons.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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£50 will be allowed for passage and other expenses incurred in proceeding to Port Elizabeth, where the successful Applicant will be required to assume office on August 1 next. Applications, with copies of Testimonials, to be sent in, on or before May 15 next, to each of the following Referees:

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Rev. J. HARSANT, New Road, Rochester.

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From either of whom any further particulars may be obtained.
London, April 17.

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36	POULTRY	675
37	POULTRY	1350
38	POULTRY	1165
115	NEWGATE STREET	220
116	NEWGATE STREET	212
117	NEWGATE STREET	213
217	UPPER THAMES STREET	328
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Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the Conditions of Sale.

Tenders must be sealed, be endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, No. 14 Aldgate," &c., stating the place, as the case may be, and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.

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